The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 153

WHOLESALE REPORTS OF THE BOOKSELLING TRADE 157

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY 158

THE READER—

George Eliot as I Knew Her. By W. Hale White 159
The Portraits of George Eliot. By W. H. D. 160
The Originals of Characters and Places in George Eliot's Novels. By Mrs. Esther Wood 163
Sir Leslie Stephen's "George Eliot." By James Douglas ... 166

NEW BOOKS—

The Problem of the Shakespeare Plays. By Prof. Edward Dowden, D.C.L. 169
The Varieties of Christian Experience. By Prof. Frank Granger 170
Professor Bury's History of Greece. By T. E. Page 171
The Real Siberia. By Dr. J. Y. Simpson 172
The Completion of Dr. Hastings' Dictionary of the Bible. By Rev. T. H. Darlow, M.A. 172
Seneca's Tragedies. By Thomas Seccombe 175
Italy and the Barbarians. By Dr. William Barry 175
Omar Khayyam Once More. By Sir W. Brampton Gurdon, M.P. 176

NOVEL NOTES—

The New Christians 177
Jim Twelves 177
A Welsh Witch 177
Etc., etc.

BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

Plato 179
Buller's Campaign 179
The *Times* History of the War in South Africa 180
Etc., etc.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 181

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

In presenting our readers with this special George Eliot number, we have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons, who have kindly placed at our disposal a large number of valuable pictures; to Mrs. Charles Bray and Mr. Warwick H. Draper, for permission to reproduce four hitherto unpublished portraits; to Mr. Henry Burton for permission to use Sir Frederick Burton's famous portrait; and to Mrs. Esther Wood for valuable suggestions.

The various photographs representing scenes from George Eliot's novels reproduced in the pages of this number are taken by kind permission of the publishers from the Personal Edition of George Eliot's works, issued by Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Co., of New York.

The cover is reproduced from Mr. E. J. Sullivan's remarkable drawing which forms the frontispiece to one of the volumes in the new Library Edition of George Eliot, and has been kindly placed at our disposal by Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons.

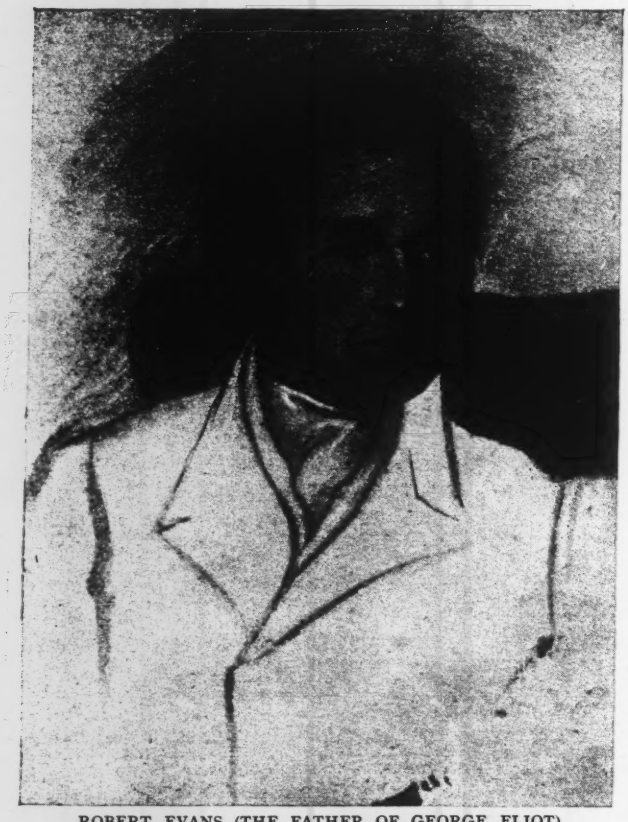
GEORGE ELIOT'S FIRST HOME.

"Mary Ann Evans, as her father recorded in his diary, was born at Arbury Farm, at five o'clock in the morning of 22nd November, 1819. Her father, Robert Evans, was son of George Evans, a builder and carpenter in Derbyshire. The family had migrated thither from Northop in Flintshire."—"George Eliot," by Sir Leslie Stephen.

The memoir of Dr. Martineau by Principal Drummond and Professor Upton has now been printed, and will be published by Messrs. Nisbet and Co. in October. There will be three volumes, the third by Professor Upton dealing with Dr. Martineau's work as a philosopher. All the volumes will be illustrated by extracts from Dr. Martineau's correspondence. A number of letters to the late R. H. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, will be included, but there are no letters, or at least very few, from Dr. Martineau's friends. There is still a mass of correspondence remaining to be dealt with. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. will be the American publishers.

It has been finally decided that Mr. Gladstone's life will occupy three volumes. The task of writing it has proved extremely onerous, but Mr. John Morley is working very hard, and hopes to have the whole passed for press in December. If this can be accomplished, it is probable that Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will issue the work at the beginning of 1903.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish a volume of Essays and Lectures by the late Professor A. B. Davidson, of Edinburgh, in October. Among the contents will be found a most interesting lecture on the English Bible, another



ROBERT EVANS (THE FATHER OF GEORGE ELIOT)
ABOUT 1842.
(By kind permission of Mrs. Bray, from her water-colour drawing in the National Portrait Gallery.)

on Mohammed and Mohammedanism, one on the Rationale of a Preacher, one on Arabic Poetry, to which Dr. Davidson devoted great attention under the teaching of Ahlwardt of Greifswald, and a number of purely Biblical subjects.

Mr. Murray has in the press an interesting volume by Mr. T. Herbert Warren, the present President of Magdalen College, Oxford. It is a story of the life of Prince Christian Victor, compiled mostly from his letters and diaries, and giving, we understand, the young Prince's views on the subject of military life.

Mr. Laurence Housman's translation in prose and verse from the old French of "Aucassin" and "Nicollette," together with Amabel and Amoris, now given for the first time, will be published during the autumn by Mr. Murray. The book will be illustrated by Paul Woodroffe, and will, we understand, set at rest the speculations as to the authorship of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters," that announcement appearing under Mr. Housman's name on the title-page.

We understand that Mr. Kipling's next book after the "Just So Stories" will be a volume of verse.

English people who travel on the Continent must be struck by the fact that in the matter of guide-books we have been slowly but surely ousted by the enterprising German. Murray's guides were the first in the field, and for long remained unrivalled, but Baedeker has now taken the lead, to our reproach. We understand that this reproach is to be removed, and extensive arrangements are in progress for a new series of Continental guides on modern lines. The enterprise is one involving a large capital outlay, and requiring special qualities in publisher and editor, and the new series is being very carefully planned in every detail to meet the needs of present-day travellers.

"Jeanne D'Arc," a record of the fifteenth century, translated from the original documents, will be published in September by Mr. Heinemann. In this history of the Maid of Orleans, every word of which is attested on oath by Jeanne herself, her life is given from childhood until she is called to the rescue of France, and her ultimate death at the stake.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will commence to issue in September a bright little series of books under the general title of "The Illustrated Pocket Classics." They will be foolscap in size, and they will be bound in two styles—limp lamb's skin gilt top, which will sell at 3s. net, and cloth gilt top, which will sell at 2s. net. The first seven volumes will be "Cranford," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Our Village," "Emma," "Mansfield Park," "Northanger Abbey," "Sense and Sensibility," all of which will be fully illustrated by Mr. Hugh Thomson, and "Pride and Prejudice," which will be illustrated by Mr. C. E. Brock.

Mr. Justin McCarthy has now completed his historical work, "The Reign of Queen Anne," which will be uniform with "The History of our Times" by the same author. It will be published in two volumes by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, who hope to have it ready during the coming autumn.

Among the new novels to be published by the same firm may be mentioned "Anna of the Five Towns," by Arnold Bennett; "The Sacred Crescents," by William Westall; "The Story of Leah," by Harry Lindsay; and "Knitters in the Sun," by Algernon Gissing.

Mr. Barry Pain is engaged on a long novel, which he hopes to finish by the end of the year. It is some years since Messrs. Harpers published "The Octave of Claudius," the only full-length novel that Mr. Pain has written. The new book will not be deliberately humorous, although there will be humorous passages in it.

Mr. Gissing's new book, which is appearing serially in the *Fortnightly* under the title "An Author at Grass," is to be published in volume form in the late autumn of this year.

Mr. Herbert Paul's History of Modern England, which he has written for Messrs. Macmillan and Co., will cover the period from the year 1845 to the death of Mr. Gladstone in 1898. The work will extend to four octavo volumes, the first of which Messrs. Macmillan and Co. hope to publish during the autumn of 1903.

The centenary of Thomas Aird, the Scottish poet,

was celebrated at Bowden, his birthplace, on July 25th, by the Edinburgh Border Counties Association. Aird was one of the early Blackwood men, and edited for many years the Dumfries *Herald*. He "discovered" George Gilfillan, whose first Gallery of Literary Portraits mainly appeared in the *Herald*. Gilfillan returned the service by enthusiastic praise, and it was due to him more than to any other man that Aird had his years of modest fame. Carlyle was an intimate friend of Aird's, and when Gilfillan's article on the French Revolution appeared in the Dumfries *Herald*, Carlyle, under the impression that Aird was the writer, wrote such a letter as a reviewer seldom receives: "It is a noble panegyric, written by a man of genius, which means much to me, a man of insight and of heart—decisive, sharp of outline, in lines borrowed from the sun. It is rare to find oneself so mirrored in a brother's soul." When Aird died in 1876 his successor in the editorship of the *Herald*, Dr. William Wallace, of Glasgow, wrote a fine tribute to his memory in the *Spectator*, in which he called Aird the Scottish Landor, and said: "We know of his life—occupied chiefly in editing a weekly newspaper in the small country town of Dumfries—that it was an unconscious reduction into practice of the 'Imitation of Christ'; that he never made any stumbles into 'sensual mire'; that so resolutely did he keep himself in moral quarantine, that he would not read works of the class of 'Tom Jones'; and that, as might be expected of one nurtured on the severely simple Calvinism of the Scotch peasant, and yet tremblingly sensitive to all natural influences, his religion was, in the language of Joubert, 'not a theology, nor a theosophy, but a discipline, a law, a yoke, an indissoluble engagement.'"

The anonymous book, "An English Girl in Paris," which is having a large sale, is not, we understand, by any means the author's first book.

The death of Mr. C. Kegan Paul at the age of seventy-four brings to a close a remarkable career. Mr. Kegan Paul was in turn a clergyman of the Church of England, an Eton master, a reader for a publisher in London, and ultimately a publisher himself, and at one time a leading publisher. All his life he was active in reading and in writing. He became reader to H. S. King and Co. in 1874, and was at first very successful in getting books and authors. Perhaps his greatest service to the firm was in obtaining for them the very popular life of Charles Kingsley by his widow. This was published in 1876. Among other authors who served the firm well were Sir Lewis Morris, Mr. Baring Gould, George Macdonald, Stopford Brooke, and Austin Dobson. The International Scientific Series, which had considerable success, was not, we believe, originally projected by Mr. Kegan Paul, but Mr. Paul had true literary discernment, and bought works from Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, and Robert Louis Stevenson. The firm at one time published many books by minor poets, generally at the expense of the poet. Though the firm went on bravely so far as outsiders could judge, it was never thought by the experts that Mr. Kegan Paul was establishing a sound business. His was a business without any backbone. What that means perhaps only publishers fully know. The rest of us must partly guess. He had in consequence to rely on the profits of his new books, and they proved disappointing. Mr. Kegan Paul had also a knack of quarrelling with his authors. He had a sharp tongue, and used it with some freedom. The consequence was that many of them left him, and the whole position became precarious. Then the Hansard Publishing Union episode followed, an episode into which we decline to travel. Mr. Kegan Paul's name was much flourished in connection with it, and he seemed likely to gain pecuniary advantage, but the end was disastrous. His book of Memories tells very little, much less than he was in the habit of telling himself, and even in conversation he by no means told everything.

As a writer Mr. Kegan Paul had a fair success. By far the most valuable of his books is his "William Godwin: His Friends and Admirers." The materials were particularly abundant. Godwin kept nearly all the letters he received, he copied nearly all he wrote, and his diary was full and valuable. All these were in the hands of Sir Percy Shelley, who gave them over to Mr. Paul. Mr. Paul made good use of them, and the biography is indispensable to serious students of

GEORGE ELIOT ABOUT 1842.
(By kind permission of Mrs. Bray, from her water-colour drawing in the National Portrait Gallery.)

literary history. Perhaps the most notable part was the story of Fanny Godwin, Mary Wollstonecraft's daughter, by Imlay. But in every way it is valuable, and one or two recent books would have been much brightened if the authors had consulted its pages. To periodicals he contributed largely, and some of his articles were reprinted; one of them in the *Unitarian Review*, charging Canon Liddon with plagiarism, drew forth a reply from Liddon, saying that he had confused notes which he had written out with his own work. He wrote also one of the early appreciations of Thomas Hardy for the *British Quarterly Review*. It is said, we believe correctly, by a well-informed writer in the *Academy*, that Stevenson took the idea of his Jekyll and Hyde from the dual personality of Kegan Paul. "Kegan is an excellent good fellow, but Paul is a ——." However, it is right to say that, in spite of Mr. Kegan Paul's mistakes and misfortunes, nobody disputed the uprightness of his character. His error was in taking up business without a sound business training.

Mr. John Murray has in the press an interesting volume by Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). The subject is Isabella D'Este, Marchioness of Mantua. The work is a study of the Renaissance, and will be illustrated.

An interesting work which will be published from the same house is "The Sculptures of the Parthenon," by Dr. A. S. Murray. The work will contain illustrations of the remains. One photogravure, we understand, will be five or six feet long.

A very important book by Mr. E. J. MacGillivray, on the Law of Copyright in Great Britain, the British Possessions, and the United States of America, will be published in the autumn by Mr. Murray. The book, which is a medium 8vo, consists of two parts and an appendix.

The name of Mr. Marion Crawford's new volume, to be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. in October, will be "Cecilia, the Last Vestal."

Among the new novels that Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will publish during the autumn are "Highway of Fate," by Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey, and "Lavinia," by Miss Rhoda Broughton.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Little Novels of Italy" has been taken over by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., who will publish a new edition during the coming season.

Emile Zola's new work "Vérité," which is to appear serially in Paris, is being translated by Mr. Ernest Vizetelly, and will be produced in book form in January next by Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus have decided to make Mr. Herman Merivale's volume of autobiographic memories, "Bar, Stage, and Platform," a crown 8vo 6s. book, and to publish it during the coming season.

Mr. H. G. Wells' new book, "Men in the Making," will begin serially next month, appearing in the *Fortnightly Review* in England and the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* in the United States. As the title suggests, it is a serious book in the vein of "Anticipations." It will deal with education and all the kindred problems involved in the production of an efficient nation.

Mr. J. Storer Clouston has finished a new book entitled "The Adventures of Mr. d'Haricot." Some chapters from it will appear serially before it is published in volume form by Messrs. Blackwood, who were the publishers of his first book, "The Lunatic at Large."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new house is not in Tunbridge Wells, as some of our contemporaries have said, but at Burwash, some ten miles from Tunbridge Wells. It is an old building, dating, we understand, from the early part of the 17th century.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus will shortly publish in book form Mr. W. L. Alden's "Drewitt's Dream," which attracted so much attention when running as a serial in *To-Day*.

Mr. Richard Bagot has just completed the MS. of a new novel, which is to be entitled "Donna Diana." It will be published during the autumn.

Amongst the more important works of fiction to be issued during September or October are Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Just So Stories" for little children, illustrated by the author; Mr. Henry Seton Merriman's "The Vultures," Mr. S. R. Crockett's "Flower o' the Corn," Mrs. Craigie's "Love and the Soul Hunters," Miss Fowler's "Fuel of Fire," Mr. Bret Harte's "Condensed Novels," Mr. Anthony Hope's "The Intrusions of Peggy," Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's "Paul Kelver," and Mr. Max Pemberton's "The House Under the Sea." Mr. Stanley Weyman and Mr. George Moore are represented by volumes of short stories, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr. Rider Haggard, and Mrs. Harrison will have no new works of fiction.

The title of Mr. Egerton Castle's new novel is to be "The Star Dreamers." It will be published serially in the *Queen* prior to being issued in book form.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is busy revising and bringing up to date his history of "The Great Boer War."

Mrs. Lewis Waller is to produce a dramatised version of Mr. Kipling's story, "The Gadsbys," at the Royalty Theatre in the early part of next month. The dramatisation is from the pen of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, and is made with Mr. Kipling's consent.

Several of Miss Braddon's earlier novels will be included at an early date in Messrs. Newnes' very popular sixpenny series.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have in the press a new Life of Li Hung Chang, from the pen of Mrs. Archibald Little.

XUM

GRIFF HOUSE, WHERE GEORGE ELIOT LIVED AS A CHILD.

"In March, 1820, when the baby girl was only four months old, the Evans family removed to Griff, a charming red-brick, ivy-covered house on the Arbury estate—'the warm little nest where her affections were fledged'—and there George Eliot spent the first twenty-one years of her life."—"George Eliot's Life," by J. W. Cross.

GEORGE ELIOT'S DAME SCHOOL AT GRIFF.

"Mary Ann, with her brother, spent part of every day at a dame-school close to their own gates. She did not show any remarkable precocity, though she was both a thoughtful and a very affectionate and sensitive child."—"George Eliot," by Sir Leslie Stephen.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

JUNE 20TH TO JULY 19TH, 1902.

Trade in the early part of the month was considerably affected by the sudden postponement of the Coronation, the sale of souvenirs and literature pertaining to the event being brought to an abrupt termination, and during the period of doubt and anxiety as to the condition of His Majesty the whole attention of the public was devoted to the perusal of the daily papers and illustrated weeklies. This, in conjunction with the break of the holidays, to a large extent disorganised everything, so that the customary slackness of this season was more marked than usual.

Undoubtedly the most important publication of the month has been "Henry VIII." by A. F. Pollard in the Historical Series of Messrs. Goupil.

Notwithstanding it is practically the dead season in the publishing world there has been a fairly large muster of 6s. novels, several of which have been much in request, and although no sensational sales have been effected there has been, more especially towards the latter part of the time, a satisfactory demand. Amongst those which call for special notice are "The New Christians," "The Mill of Silence," and "Love with Honour." Of former issues "David Harum," "The Lady Paramount," and "The Kentons," have sold well. Orders are now coming in freely for the approaching volume by Marie Corelli.

Mark Twain's "A Double-Barrelled Detective Story," and "Between Ourselves," by Max O'Rell, have been the two most prominent lines at 3s. 6d.

Campaign literature still lingers with a certain amount of popularity. "The Mechanism of War," by "Linesman," and "The Boer Fight for Freedom," by Michael Davitt, have been in a double sense to the front.

With the advent of a more settled spell of warm weather came a large demand for guide books to the various holiday resorts, those for Scotland and gallant little Wales being notable favourites.

The "Scenery of England," by Lord Avebury, has continued to find many purchasers.

A number of Natural History handbooks, such as Gordon's Our Country's Series, have also been disposed of.

Two little volumes by Douglas Sladen, treating of London pictorially, have sold freely.

The Sixpenny reprint is certainly the chief line of the holiday season, and the sales in this class have been very great, indeed, they may be said in several cases to have been "prodigious." The three chief items were "East Lynne," "Lorna Doone," and "The Prisoner of Zenda." Of the latter the edition consisting of 100,000 was almost exhausted on the day of publication. Many of the formerly published works in this series have also maintained a large amount of popularity.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the month.

The Lady Paramount. By Henry Harland. 6s. (Lane.)
The New Christians. By Percy White. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Mill of Silence. By Bernard Capes. 6s. (John Long.)
Love With Honour. By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Lane.)
David Harum. By E. W. Westcott. 6s. (Pearson.)
The Kentons. By W. D. Howells. 6s. (Harper.)
Henry VIII. By A. F. Pollard. 63s. net. (Goupil.)
The Scenery of England. By Lord Avebury. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)
The Unspeakable Scot. By T. W. H. Crosland. 5s. (Richards.)
A Double-Barrelled Detective Story. By Mark Twain. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
The Mechanism of War. By "Linesman." 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
The Boer Fight for Freedom. By Michael Davitt. 6s. net. (Funk and Wagnalls.)
Several volumes of Our Country's Series. Each 6s. (Simpkin.)
Between Ourselves. By Max O'Rell. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
Various Guide Books.
London in Pictures. 1s. net. (Sands.)
London and its Leaders. By D. Sladen. 1s. net and 2s. 6d. net. (Sands.)
Sixpenny Reprints, especially "East Lynne," "Lorna Doone," and "The Prisoner of Zenda."

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
June 21—A quiet week.
,, 28—Very slack. Almost a total stoppage of trade in the home department.
July 5—Still quiet, but a firmer tone. Export brisk.
,, 12—A fair week in all departments.
,, 19—A good average week for time of year.

(2) SCOTLAND.

JUNE 20TH TO JULY 19TH, 1902.

The postponement of the Coronation affected very seriously the business of the month. Many publications issued in connection with that historic event failed to gain the attention they deserved, and as some firms held over new ventures in view of the mass of illustrated literature issued the booksellers experienced an unexpectedly quiet time.

In connection with the closing of educational institutions for the summer vacation, there were the usual orders taken for prize books, and any book suitable for holiday sale was much in request.

There was no cessation in the prolific issue of sixpenny reprints of popular works. The most prominent of these in the month's business were Boothby's "Cabinet Secret,"

Hyne's "Further Adventures of Captain Kettle," "Words of an Eyewitness," by "Linesman," Barrie's "Auld Licht Idylls," Wood's "East Lynne," and Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda."

Several volumes at three shillings and sixpence had a ready sale, such as Mark Twain's "Double-Barrelled Detective Story," Shannon's "Jim Twelves," Green's "Circular Study," Max O'Rell's "Between Ourselves," and "The Mechanism of War," by "Linesman."

In six-shilling novels the feature of the time under review was the good orders booked for Marie Corelli's forthcoming work "Temporal Power." The other books at this popular price gaining popularity were "The Scott Country," by W. S. Crockett, "Shears of Fate," by Tremayne, "Holy Matrimony," by Gerard, "Night Side of London," by R. Machray, "Conquest of Charlotte" by Meldrum, and "Wilful Woman" by G. B. Burgin.

"The Unspeakable Scot," by Crosland, even for its title, was bound to call forth criticism. This it succeeded in getting, and in consequence, was much in request, more especially in districts frequented by tourists.

The interest shown in recent Church matters was still evident in the sale of Dr. John Smith's "The Integrity of Scripture," and Dr. George Smith's "Modern Criticism."

In biography the most important books were, "The Reminiscences of Frederick Goodall, R.A.," which was well received, and it was very noticeable how many requests there continued to be made for any record of the life of the heroic missionary, James Chalmers, of New Guinea. In this connection may also be mentioned the brisk sale in Scotland of "The British Monthly," just issued with its interesting notice and portrait of Professor Henry Drummond.

A noteworthy feature in this month's business was the great increase in magazine sales. These were quite exceptional, and such monthlies as "Munsey," "Strand," "Pearson," "Royal," and "Harmsworth" were well to the front.

The Summer Number of "The Studio" maintained its high reputation and was readily sold.

The following is our usual list of best selling books:—

The Unspeakable Scot. By T. W. H. Crosland. 5s. (Richards.)
Holy Matrimony. By D. Gerard. 6s. (Methuen.)
Shears of Fate. By H. Tremayne. 6s. (Treherne.)
A Double-Barrelled Detective Story. By Mark Twain. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
Jim Twelves. By W. F. Shannon. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)
Audrey. By M Johnston. 6s. (Constable.)
The Conquest of Charlotte. By D. F. Meldrum. 6s. (Blackwood.)
The Night Side of London. By R. Machray. 6s. (Macqueen.)
The Scott Country. By W. S. Crockett. 6s. (Black.)
Between Ourselves. By Max O'Rell. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
A Wilful Woman. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Long.)
Mechanism of War. By "Linesman." 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
The Circular Study. By A. K. Green. 3s. 6d. (Ward and Lock.)
Reminiscences of Fred Goodall, R.A. 12s. (Scott.)
The Integrity of Scripture. By Dr. J. Smith. 3s. 6d. (Hodder.)
Modern Criticism on Old Testament. By Dr. G. A. Smith. 6s. (Hodder.)
"Studio" Summer Number. 5s. net.
"Illustrated London News" Coronation Number. 5s.
"Sphere" Coronation Number. 2s. 6d.

Sixpenny Editions.

Auld Licht Idylls. By Barrie.
Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope.
East Lynne. By Wood.
Lorna Doone. By Blackmore.
Cabinet Secret. By Boothby.
Words of an Eyewitness. By "Linesman."

The Booksellers' Diary.

AUGUST.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

August 7th.

TYTLER, SARAH.—The Courtship of Sarah, 6/- ... *John Long*
MATHERS, HELEN.—A Man of To-Day, 6d. ..... *John Long*

August 8th.

SNAITH, J. C.—The Wayfarers, 6/- ..... *Ward, Lock*

August 11th.

MARK, H. THISELTON.—The Teacher and the Child, 1/6 *Fisher Unwin*
GORKY, MAXIM.—The Outcasts, and Other Stories, 3/6 *Fisher Unwin*
HUME, FERGUS.—The Turnpike House, 6/- ..... *John Long*

August 13th.

COOPER, EDWARD H.—George and Son, 6/- ..... *John Long*

August 14th.

MARSH, R.—The Twickenham Peerage, 6/- ..... *Methuen*
CAMERON, MRS. LOVETT.—Bitter Fruit, 6d. ... *John Long*

August 15th.

WARDEN, GERTRUDE.—Beyond the Law, 3/6 ... *Ward, Lock*
BOOTHBY, GUY.—The Kidnapped President, 5/- ... *Ward, Lock*
MEADE, L. T.—The Confessions of a Court Milliner, 6/- *John Long*

August 18th.

PRAED, MRS. CAMPBELL.—My Australian Girlhood, 16/- *Fisher Unwin*
LISSAGARAY, FROM THE FRENCH OF.—History of the Commune of 1871, 8/6 net ..... *Fisher Unwin*

August 20th.

JONES, W. BRAUNSTON.—Sin Chong (The Faithful Heart), 3/6 ..... *Walter Scott*
CAMERON, MRS. LOVETT.—Midsummer Madness, 6/- *John Long*

August 21st.

ANSTEY, F.—A Bayard from Bengal, 3/6 ..... *Methuen*
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN.—The River, 6/- ..... *Methuen*
LAWSON, H.—Children of the Bush, 6/- ..... *Methuen*
CARREL, FREDERIC.—The Progress of Pauline Kessler, 6d. *John Long*

August 22nd.

WILSON BARRETT, A.—A Soldier's Love, 6/- ... *Ward, Lock*

August 25th.

MARTINENGO CESARESCO, COUNTESS.—Lombard Studies, 16/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*

August 26th.

LIDDELL, MARK H.—An Introduction to the Study of Poetry, 6/- ..... *Grant Richards*
HALSEY, FRANCIS W.—Our Literary Deluge, 3/6 *Grant Richards*
RICHARDS, FRANKLIN T.—The Eve of Christianity, 2/6 net *Grant Richards*
CAWEIN, MADISON.—Kentucky Poems, 5/- net *Grant Richards*
Homer's Iliad. World's Classic. 1/- and 2/- net ... *Grant Richards*

August 27th.

HYNE, CUTCLIFFE.—The Little Red Captain, 6/- ... *Pearson*
WARDEN, FLORENCE.—A Hole and Corner Marriage, 6/- *Pearson*
GARNETT, WILLIAM TERRELL.—The Fooling of Don Jaime, 6/- ..... *John Long*

August 28th.

CORELLI, MARIE .—Temporal Power, 6/- ..... *Methuen*
FLETCHER, J. S.—The Three Days' Terror, 6d. ... *John Long*

September 1st.

HOPKINS, J. CASHELL.—Progress of Canada in the Nineteenth Century, 5/- net ..... *Chambers*
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September 2nd.

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September 3rd.

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September 4th.

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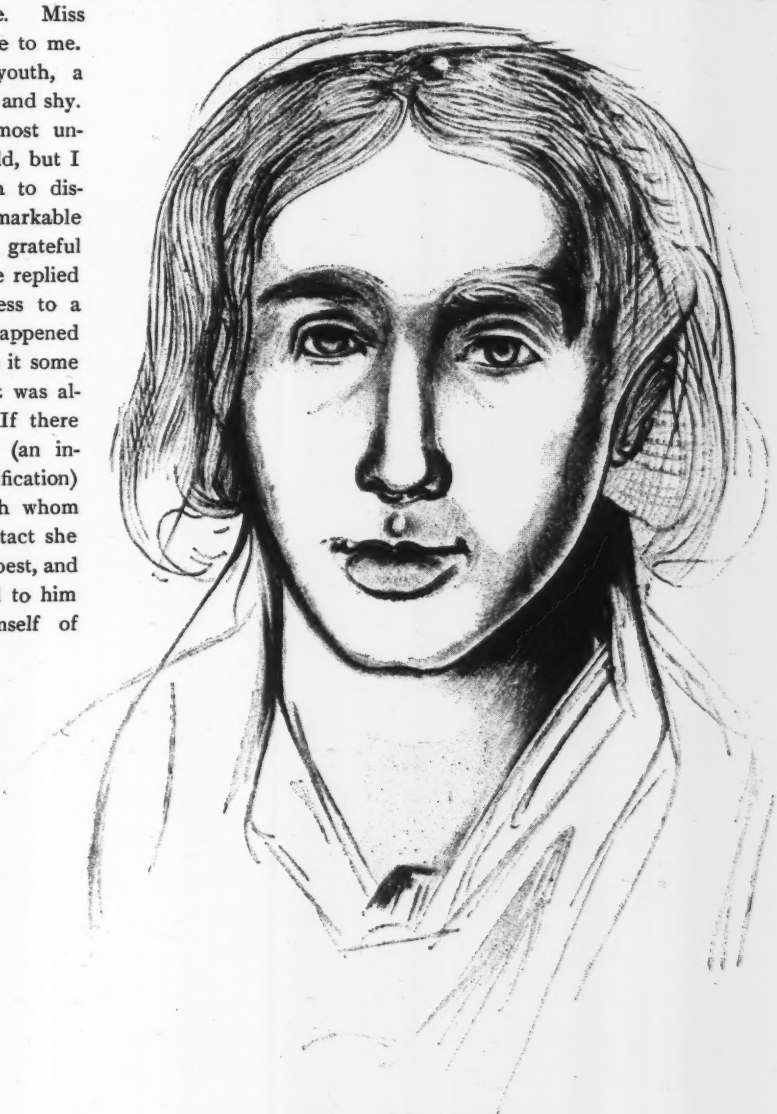
The Reader.

GEORGE ELIOT AS I KNEW HER.

BY W. HALE WHITE.

BETWEEN 1852 and 1854 I lived at John Chapman's house, 142, Strand. George Eliot, or rather Miss Evans, lived there at that time. Chapman published free-thought books, mostly on commission. Very few of them, I need hardly say, paid their expenses. He had recently become the proprietor of the *Westminster Review*. This also did not pay, and he borrowed money on it all round from his friends. He engaged Miss Evans as sub-editor. She had a dark room at the end of a long dark passage, and in that room I have read proofs to her. My own room, the quietest I have known in London, or out of it, was over hers, and looked across the river to the Norwood hills. Mrs. Chapman kept an American boarding-house, and her family, Chapman's staff, and the visitors had meals together. I remember vividly the day on which I came to No. 142, and had lunch there. Miss Evans sat opposite to me. I was a mere youth, a stranger, awkward and shy. She was then almost unknown to the world, but I had sense enough to discern she was a remarkable creature. I was grateful to her because she replied even with eagerness to a trifling remark I happened to make, and gave it some importance. That was always her way. If there was any sincerity (an indispensable qualification) in the person with whom she came into contact she strove to elicit his best, and generally disclosed to him something in himself of which he was not aware. I have never seen anybody whose search for the meaning and worth of persons and things was so unresting as hers. The travelling American was not very interesting, but even from him she managed to extract whatever gave him a title to existence. She had little note-books, in which she jotted down whatever struck her. Passages she had read which she had not been able to understand were also put down and looked up at her leisure. These notebooks, many of them at any rate, are still in existence. The style of Miss Evans's conversation was perfect; it was quite natural, but never slipshod, and the force and sharpness of her thought were never lost in worn phrases. She was attractive personally. Her hair was particularly beautiful, and in her grey eyes there was a curiously shifting light, generally soft and tender, but convertible into the keenest flash. The likeness by Sir Frederick Burton is good, but it gives permanence to that which was not permanent in her face. It lacks the generality combined with particularity which we find in portraits by the greatest masters.



GEORGE ELIOT ABOUT 1842.

From a hitherto unpublished pencil sketch by Mrs. Bray in the possession of Warwick H. Draper, Esq.

"She forgets nothing that has ever come within the curl of her eyelash: above all, she forgets no one who has ever spoken to her one kind word."

I fancy that one of the reasons why she and Chapman did not agree was that she did not like his somewhat disorderly ways. She has been accused of "respectability." Even Sir Leslie Stephen in his scholarly essay describes her as "eminently respectable." It is not very easy to understand what is meant by this word. If there is any meaning in it worth preservation it is conformity to usage merely for the sake of conformity, and perhaps, more precisely, it is mental compromise. I deny that in either of these senses George Eliot was "respectable." She never terminated inquiry till she had gone as far as her powerful intellect permitted her to go, and she never refused to act upon her investigation. If she did not outrage the world by indecency it was not because she

was "respectable," but because she had not deduced indecency as the final outcome of thinking or the highest achievement of art. She delighted in music, and played Beethoven, one evening, as I shall never forget, to me alone. She was not, I suppose, a first-rate performer, but she more than satisfied me, and I was, I am afraid, a little incoherent in my thanks. A favourite composer with her was Gluck, and it was she who introduced me to Orfeo. She was generous to a degree which nobody now living can measure, and she not only gave money to necessitous friends, but took pains to serve them. Years after I had left Chapman's I wrote to her asking if she could assist a poor man of letters whom we both knew, and she got work for him. It was foolish of me to let my intercourse with her drop. Its cessation was mainly due to that careless, wasteful indifference of youth which leads us to neglect the most precious opportunities. Towards the close of a long life there is nothing more painful than the recollections of those many tides in our affairs which would have led on to fortune, but were omitted.

This is not the place for criticism, as it is called, of George Eliot, nor should I care to attempt it. There is too much belittlement of genius—often with profane levity. It is an easy trick; the meanest soul can do it. As George Eliot has said herself, "the art of spoiling is within reach of the dullest faculty." We need to be taught to admire, to surrender ourselves to admiration. "If you call a bad thing bad," says Goethe, "you do little; if you call a good thing good you do much." There is more good in the "Mill on the Floss" than can be exhausted in half-a-dozen readings, and most of us will be better occupied in appreciating it with all our hearts and souls than in balancing against it imaginary blemishes discovered by imperfect study. We substitute ourselves and our own circumstances for the person and circumstances of the drama.

I cannot, however, refrain from saying a word or two upon a judgment passed on George Eliot by one or two of my friends who really value her. They tell me she is not a good novelist because she mixes up philosophy with fiction; no person in a novel ought to moralise, or to express opinions directly upon art, literature, or science. Whether or not this is true depends upon definition. It is a question of words not worth debating. George Eliot was chosen to write as she did in "Middlemarch," and I am profoundly grateful. You may judge her, if you like, by the "Count of Monte Christo"; the comparison is no concern of mine, but I confess that "Middlemarch" is more to my taste. The people I most wish to know in actual life are those who think and talk a little upon subjects like those, for example, which interested Lydgate, and I do not see why I should object to meet with them in a story. Dorothea says to Ladislaw: "By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil—widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower." I would sooner have the woman Dorothea, who talks thus, and is what she talks, than the females of other works of fiction of great reputation as "art for art's sake." But it is urged that George Eliot turns aside and comments at length. If we grant that she indulges a little too much in her own reflexions, we cannot deny that they are pertinent, and are not an interruption, save to those who turn over her pages solely in order to know what is going to happen, whether Raffles will die and Bulstrode will be found out. What reflexions, too, they are! Could we have made them, or could we have seen without them what now we see? Whether she is a bore or not depends upon the quality of her readers. Many animals are, no doubt, bored by all articulate human speech.

One final observation. George Eliot was born early enough in the last century to see an England which has almost completely passed away, and yet her education was modern. Her youthful impressions were cherished with affection and were the root of a sweet and healthy conservatism. In later life she did not cast herself loose, but applied herself with all her natural strength and with all her stores of the newest thought to display and interpret the Warwickshire of her childhood, its fields, its villages, their inhabitants and their beliefs. It was not a mere outside London literary study, as those who remember the Midlands of her day can testify, and yet she was sufficiently aloof to depict them. She owed to them the foundation of what she was, but they, through her, became vocal. She was exactly the right person, and came at exactly the right moment. She is an original word which could not have been uttered before, and cannot be repeated or imitated.

THE PORTRAITS OF GEORGE ELIOT.

THE best known of the very few portraits of George Eliot with which the public is acquainted, is the chalk drawing made by Burton in her forty-fifth year, and now hung in the National Portrait Gallery. Rajon's etching of it for the Life by Mr. Cross has familiarised us with her appearance as she was in 1864, the year after the production of "Romola," and subsequent to that *mirabile lustrum* of five years which had already given "The Scenes," "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," and "Silas Marner" to a delighted world of readers. M. D'Albert's portrait, also reproduced in the early editions of the Life, was painted in 1850, seven years prior to this wonderful activity, and in the thirty-first year of her age. It was done during her sojourn at Geneva, whither she went after her father's death in 1849. She had gone to Geneva with the Coventry friends whose companionship for nearly eight years had been one of the most precious formative influences of her life. In bracing her courage for a lonely return from this foreign stay she wrote, "The strongest magnet of all is a certain little group of three persons, whom I hope to find together at Rosehill"—Charles Bray, his wife, Cara, and her sister, Sara Hennell. If these lines come to the eyes of that dear lady who is the survivor of this group, and reverently guards among many beautiful memories that of her most famous friendship, she will believe that this note has been written with a sense of its handling holy things, but for the sake of the truth and in her friend's honourable praise. As has been said

HOUSE IN FOLESHILL ROAD, COVENTRY.

In March, 1841, Mr. Robert Evans and his daughter removed to a house on the Foleshill Road, in the immediate neighbourhood of Coventry, where they remained until Mr. Evans's death in 1849. It was here George Eliot translated Strauss's "Leben Jesu."

"The house is still standing, although considerably altered—a semi-detached house, with a good bit of garden round it, and from its upper windows a wide view over the surrounding country. . . . The friendships now formed with Mr. and Mrs. Bray, and Miss Sara Hennell particularly, and the being brought within reach of a small circle of cultivated people generally, render this change of residence an exceedingly important factor in George Eliot's development."—"George Eliot's Life," by J. W. Cross.

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by a mutual friend, "In Mr. and Mrs. Bray and in the Hennell family she had found friends who called forth her interest and stimulated her powers in no common degree. They were her world, and on my saying to her once, as we closed the garden door together, that we seemed to be entering a Paradise, she said, "I do indeed feel that I shut the world out when I shut that door." It was a comradeship of hearts and minds, the tale of which we see unfolded not only in the story of the Coventry days, when, from 1841 to 1849, she "used to walk almost daily with

ROSEHILL,

The Residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bray.

"A charming house, Rosehill, with a beautiful lawn and garden, in the outskirts of Coventry. . . . In July, 1842, Miss Sara Hennell, the gifted sister of Mrs. Bray, came to Rosehill, on one of her occasional visits to Coventry, and completed the trio destined to exert the most important influence over the life of George Eliot. . . . With all three it is a beautiful and consistent friendship, running like a thread through the woof of the coming thirty-eight years."—"George Eliot's Life," by J. W. Cross.

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Charles Bray,"* but throughout a correspondence that death alone could end. "To us," as Mr. Cross has recorded, "Miss Sara Hennell is the most important correspondent, for it is to her that Miss Evans mainly turns now for intellectual sympathy; to Mrs. Bray when she is in pain or trouble, and wants affectionate companionship; with Mr. Bray she quarrels, and the humorous side of her nature is brought out. Every good story goes to him, with a certainty that it will be appreciated. With all three it is a beautiful and consistent friendship, running like a thread through the woof of the coming thirty-eight years. For the next twelve years, as will be seen, it is quite the most important thread."

It is to this period that the three portrait-sketches here reproduced belong. They represent Marian Evans as she was when she lived on the Foleshill Road with her father. At the opening of this period of her young womanhood, in 1841, she could write, unhappily, "I have no one who enters into my pleasures or my griefs, no one with whom I can pour out my soul, no one with the same yearnings, the same temptations, the same delights as myself." We have seen a glimpse of the treasured intimacies which grew long before its close. The small water-colour portrait, painted by Mrs. Bray about 1842, and by her presented a few years ago to the National Portrait Gallery, shows her when, young as she was, she was yearning "to

8, PARK STREET, RICHMOND.

George Eliot lived in rooms in Park Street from September, 1855, until 1858, during which period she wrote "Scenes of Clerical Life" and "Adam Bede."

"Richmond is *not* fascinating in 'the season' or through the summer. It is hot, noisy, and haunted with Cockneys; but at other times we love the Park with an increasing love, and we have such a kind, good landlady there, that it always seems like going home when we return to Park Street. She writes to us: 'I hope you will make your fortune; but you must always live with me.'"—Letter to Mrs. Bray, June 5th, 1857.

Rischgitz Collection.

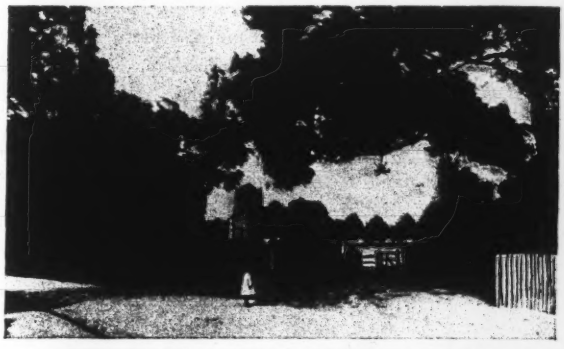
be doing some little toward the regeneration of this groaning, travailing creation," and was alternating the reading of Hallam, Isaac Taylor, and Walter Scott (to the last of whom she afterwards rather curiously attributed the first unsettlement of her orthodox views) with timid efforts "to effect a breach in the thick wall of indifference behind which the denizens of Coventry seem inclined to entrench themselves." To the same time belongs the less "finished" but more vivid and suggestive sketch in pencil, which was also the handiwork of Mrs. Bray. It must be remembered that these were not professional portraits of a famous sitter, but merely artistic symbols of an affectionate intercourse. We who have inherited the story and the creations of a rich life, are apt to read too much into the gentle contemplation of these quiet eyes. And yet they were doubtless observing and "looking more closely" than her neighbours suspected into the varied phases of the provincial life of Coventry, which, nearly thirty years later, she pictured immortally upon the wide canvas of "Middlemarch."

The third and, like the last-named, hitherto unpublished portrait possesses a peculiarly authentic interest. Mr. Bray, who was not only a well-to-do ribbon manufacturer, but a robust and self-reliant thinker, "always remained a sincere and complete believer in the science of phrenology." Even before the publication of his best-known work, "The Philosophy of Necessity," he had in 1839 issued a treatise on "The Education of the Feelings" from the phrenological point of view. About 1847, in the twenty-eighth year of her age, he seems to have taken a plaster cast from the head of his young friend, and the drawing here reproduced is an outline traced round a shadow thrown from this cast upon the paper, with the eye and other features subsequently filled in by Miss Sara Hennell. Many who have seen the drawing have noted in the singular profile a close resemblance to the features of the Savonarola of Fra Bartolommeo's famous portrait, with an added tenderness of sensitive expression. It is worth noting that if 1847 be the correct date of this unique portrait, she had already entered upon her literary career, for in 1846 she had published the translation of Strauss's "Life of Jesus."

The water-colour drawing of George Eliot's father, Robert Evans, which hangs with Mrs. Bray's other painting in the National Portrait Gallery, was presumably done about the same time. In 1842 he would have been in his sixty-ninth year; he died in 1849. He was a sterling pattern of the English yeoman, who, born the son of a Derbyshire builder, became agent to several large estates in that county and in Warwickshire. "He was held," as his daughter once proudly wrote to Mr. Bray, "by those competent to judge as unique amongst land agents for his manifold knowledge and experience, which enabled him to save the special fees usually paid by landowners for special opinions on the different questions incident to the proprietorship of land." It is, for example, recorded that he had a wonderful eye for estimating the amount of timber in a standing tree. Although it would, of course, be a foolish injustice to either the art or the piety of his daughter to say that he was directly portrayed by her in "Adam Bede" or "Caleb Garth," it is clear that many traits in both those characters were more or less taken from him whom she knew with the intimate affection of one who kept his house for many years and nursed his ending with the most filial love.

W. H. D.

* From a MS. note of a conversation with Charles Bray on June 18th, 1880, in the possession of the writer.



SHEPPERTON CHURCH (CHILVERS COTON).

"Shepperton Church was a very different-looking building five-and-twenty years ago. To be sure, its substantial stone tower looks at you through its intelligent eye, the clock, with the friendly expression of former days; but in everything else what changes!"—"The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton."

CHEVEREL MANOR (ARBURY HALL).

"A charming picture Cheverel Manor would have made that evening, if some English Watteau had been there to paint it: the castellated house of grey-tinted stone, with the flickering sunbeams sending dashes of golden light across the many-shaped panes in the mullioned windows, and a great beech leaning athwart one of the flanking towers, and breaking, with its dark, flattened boughs, the too formal symmetry of the front."—"Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story."

THE ORIGINALS OF CHARACTERS AND PLACES IN GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS.

BY ESTHER WOOD.

PERHAPS there is no exercise more fascinating to the reader, and more embarrassing to the author of fiction, than the search for the originals of places, and more especially of people, that figure in popular books. On the one hand it may appear the vulgarest kind of curiosity that would intrude its guesses, its speculations as to the private histories and emotions of real persons, into the consideration of a work of art, as art, or into the rightful seclusion of the novelist's own circle of relatives and friends. On the other hand, the more intensely human is the art, and the more convincingly does it strike us as a picture of living men and women, the less are we able to silence the instinctive questions—Was it she herself who suffered thus? Did she endure this very experience? and, if so, at whose hands? These exquisite memories of home life were surely not merely imagined or gathered from others? This sordid tragedy, so transfigured by her genius—can it be that she saw it enacted at her own doors?

We call these "instinctive" questions; so deep, so universal is the conviction that our great novelists must *know*, in the most intimate sense, the things of which they write. Nevertheless, a study of authors' lives (so dangerous to all our pet theories of art!) proves that we must not apply this rule literally to experience on the material plane. The most powerful description of war in modern English literature was written by a young man who had never seen a battle. Reviewers may weary themselves with advice to young authors that they should write of the life they know. Genius is continually avenging itself upon such maxims by the success of passages, scenes, whole episodes describing phases of action of which the writer had experienced nothing at all. It may be retorted that only genius can do this. Naturally so; for it is the distinguishing mark of genius to transcend immediate and personal knowledge by the power of imagination, perception, intuition—call it what you will. Whether that profound knowledge of human things which shows itself in a great artist is in reality brought over from some other life, the fruit of actual though long-past experiences, is a far more searching question, and one that is pressing itself on some of the most reverent minds of to-day. But by whatever means it gains the higher knowledge which is power, all great art justifies the thought so variously uttered:—

> "By thine own tears thy song must tears beget,
> O singer!"

The challenge of the world is to that part of us, behind and beyond the understanding, which, "like a thing in wrath stands up and answers, 'I have felt!'" The intellect may be mighty, the imagination brilliant, the scholarship superb; but without the inspiration of the *I have felt!* the written word will carry neither tears nor flame.

Genius of this kind will hardly be denied to George Eliot, even by those who appeal to "Romola" for proof of her failure to transcend her own provincial field, and work convincingly in another age and clime. The best answer to such critics is to admit the failure of "Romola" as a historical masterpiece, but to point out that "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Scenes of Clerical Life," and "Silas Marner," contain very much more than faithful representations of the life George Eliot knew. There is in their psychology, apart from local conditions and characteristics, that quality of universal appeal of which Shakespeare gave us the supreme example, and by which the actors in the humble country tale fall into line with the great human types which art from age to age has given us: the lonely, dreamy child; the loyal and disillusioned wife or mother; the practical man touched at some point with an idealism that baffles as much as it consoles. It is not from vanity that she has poured her own inmost soul into her greatest creations of women—"Maggie" and "Dorothea," and achieved in them perhaps finer and truer autobiographical studies than she herself was aware of. For to her they were not "heroines," or idealisations of herself held out for admiration and sympathy; they were simply womanhood, awake, sensitive, and aspiring, as she knew it from within. Her treatment of them is free from self-consciousness, and even remorselessly impersonal. With what sin-

MRS. PETTIFER'S HOUSE, NEAR ORCHARD STREET.

"Mrs. Pettifer's house did not look into Orchard Street: it stood a little way up a wide passage which opened into the street through an archway. . . . There was no prospect from Mrs. Pettifer's parlour but a blank wall; and as Janet looked out of the window, the rain and the smoke-blackened bricks seemed to blend themselves in sickening identity with her desolation of spirit and the headachy weariness of her body."—"Janet's Repentance."

cerity does she defend her conception of Maggie, even to her passion for Stephen Guest, as "a vital part of a character essentially noble but liable to great error—error that is anguish to its own nobleness," and protest, in reply to objectors to the "Stephen" episode, "If the ethics of art do not admit the truthful presentation of such a character, then it seems to me that the ethics of art are too narrow, and must be widened!"

But it is in the early mental growth and spiritual awakening of Maggie that we find the real George Eliot, and not in the later events of Maggie's career. There is no proof of any such influence as that of Stephen Guest in the life of Marian Evans, nor of any but shadowy prototypes of "Philip Wakem." He may have been an idealisation of her first lover, of whom we know almost nothing, and with whom she broke finally before her father's death; but he is said to resemble in many ways her good and gentle friend M. D'Albert, of Geneva, who painted the most pleasing portrait we have of her, and who, equally with his wife, remained on cordial terms with her to the end. Far more complete and convincing is the portrait of her brother Isaac Evans which we get in Maggie's hard, upright, and utterly unimaginative brother "Tom"; always preferring the letter to the spirit, and in real life estranging himself from his sister for more than twenty-five years because her marriage lacked the legal ceremony, but reconciled with her immediately on her sealing with that bond a second union, far less comprehensible to her friends than her long and faithful union with George Henry Lewes. We may also trace something, perhaps, of the more tender side of her father's nature in the story of "Mr. Tulliver," and the tardy, almost shamefaced kindness he shows to an unhappy sister of his own, goaded by a dumb fear lest his boy Tom might be cruel at some future time to the dearly-loved "little wench" at his knee. But for a just and satisfying portrait of her father we must look to "Adam Bede"; supplemented perhaps by "Caleb Garth" if we would picture him in his later years; a robust and capable Saxon, of the type that makes the ideal yeoman-servant and conscientious steward, but with a vein of Celtic fineness and poetry in his nature to redeem his innate conservatism from the dull narrowness of "Tom." A warm personal regard existed between Robert Evans and the young squire, his master—Francis Newdigate, of Wootton Hall, near Ellaston, who may, perhaps, have suggested some features in the portrayal of types like "Arthur Donnithorne" and "Godfrey Cass." Other members of the Newdigate family lived at Arbury Hall, the "Cheverel Manor" of the "Clerical Scenes"; where Lady Newdigate (a much more amiable patroness than her prototype in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story") had actually adopted a young Italian girl with a beautiful voice such as "Tina's"—being herself childless. If the appointed heir, Charles Parker, was in any way the model for "Captain Wybrow," it should be said that discrepancies of date clear him from any suspicion of responsibility for the unhappiness of "Tina."

But it is on the social level of her own family, the middle and lower-middle class provincials of Puritan stock, evangelical within the Church and Nonconformist beyond it, that George Eliot reveals her double mastery—the vivid transcription of local character, scenery, and domestic atmosphere, and the nobly imaginative treatment of what passes for the commonplace and mediocre in human life. Aristocratic as she was in philosophy and politics, not even Dickens was more fully "the democrat as novelist," if democracy means faith in the final value of the average man and the average woman. And it is in her portrayal of women that George Eliot reaches the greatest triumphs of her skill—especially in such types as the Dodson family, Lisbeth Bede, Mrs. Poyser, Dolly Winthrop, Mrs. Hackit, and Mrs. Bulstrode—middle-aged women of the grade of her mother and her aunts; though, indeed, George Eliot's mother, if we may sample her through Mrs. Poyser and Mrs. Hackit, must have been decidedly above the average in shrewdness and wit. In studying these types, however, we must bear in mind the writer's frequent repudiation of actual portraiture. She even goes so far as to say "there is not a single portrait in 'Adam Bede'," in spite of the strong resemblance to her father which can be traced even in the personal descriptions of Adam. But the minor incidents and surroundings of her childhood appear in every one of the midland tales. Her uncle, George Green, was actually drowned in the "Willow Brook," and "Arkwright Mills" were for many years "there at Cromford," as mentioned by Adam Bede. "Hayslope" is the village of Ellaston, the home of her father and uncles, in North Staffordshire, the "Loamshire," while Derbyshire is the "Stonyshire," of the novel. The "Donnithorne Arms" is the Bromley Arms;

CHAD CRANAGE'S FORGE.

"The group in the vicinity of the blacksmith's door was by no means a close one, and formed no screen in front of Chad Cranage, the blacksmith himself, who stood with his black brawny arms folded, leaning against the door-post, and occasionally sending forth a bellowing laugh at his own jokes."—"Adam Bede."

ASTLEY CASTLE, NEAR ARBURY.

The "Knebley" of "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story."

"Shepperton was in a state of Attic culture compared with Knebley; it had turnpike roads and a public opinion, whereas, in the Bœotian Knebley, men's minds and wagons alike moved in the deepest of ruts, and the landlord was only grumbled at as a necessary and unalterable evil, like the weather, the weevils, and the turnip-fly."—"Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story."

LAWYER DEMPSTER'S HOUSE FROM THE BACK (NUNEATON).

"His house lay in Orchard Street, which opened on the prettiest outskirt of the town—the church, the parsonage, and a low stretch of green fields. It was an old-fashioned house, with an overhanging upper storey; outside it had a face of rough stucco, and casement windows with green frames and shutters; inside it was full of long passages, and rooms with low ceilings."—"Janet's Repentance."

Ashbourn is disguised as "Oakbourne," Wirksworth as "Snowfield," Dovedale as "Eagledale"; and either Wootton Park or Calwich Abbey might have served for "Donnithorne Chase." The "Shepperton" Church identified with Mr. Gilfil and Amos Barton in the "Scenes of Clerical Life," was that of Chilvers Coton, near Nuneaton, where the future novelist, then Marian Evans, was baptised and taken to service as a child—her "devotional patience reinforced by smuggled bread and butter." The "Knebley" Church, to which Mr. Gilfil rode out to officiate in the afternoon, having preached in the morning at Shepperton, was Astley, about a mile to the west of Arbury Hall. The main features of the story of Amos Barton, his sweet wife, and the idle countess, were actually true, and were well known in George Eliot's childhood throughout the district. Her mother was the intimate friend of "Milly," and her nurse in her last illness, and was likely to be well-informed, and to hold strong views on such a tragedy. The real "Milly" was Emma Gwyther, wife of the then incumbent, who died at the age of thirty-four, in November, 1836. "Janet's Repentance" takes us to Nuneaton itself, disguised as "Milby"; where "lawyer Dempster" was a well-known figure, and survivors still cherish loving memories of his wife. "Mr. Pilgrim," the doctor, and "Mr. Tryan," also had to a great extent their prototypes in life, and the persecution of the Evangelical curate, and the fall and ultimate rescue of "Janet," had their foundation in widely-known facts. The lawyer's house in Church Street ("Orchard Street") is still standing, as well as the Bull Hotel, which figures as the "Black Lion." Places, characters, and incidents such as these were familiar to George Eliot throughout the years spent at Griff House, with its attic, the refuge of "Maggie," after quarrels with "Tom," and its back paths to the "Round Pool," and the "Red Deeps." George Eliot insists that Mr. Tryan is "not a portrait of any clergyman, living or dead," but she adds, "My sketches, both of Churchmen and dissenters, with whom I am almost equally acquainted, are drawn from close observation of them in real life." She was indeed peculiarly fortunate in being brought into contact with many varieties of the most earnest religious thought and missionary zeal in the provincial England of her girlhood; and with her fine eclectic temperament and liberal scholarship it is strange that she should have struck Madame Belloc (a Catholic) as "the living incarnation of English dissent, with chapel written in every line of her thoughtful, somewhat severe face."

The identification of "Dinah Morris" with Elizabeth Evans, the wife of George Eliot's uncle, Samuel Evans (the "Seth Bede" of the tale), has long been a matter of keen interest to her biographers, and she herself has frankly stated that the germ of "Adam Bede" was what she used to call "My Aunt's Story"—an account which Mrs. Evans had given of having visited a condemned girl in "Hetty"'s case, and won a confession from her before her execution. Mrs. Evans often preached in one of the "nine dissenting chapels" of Wirksworth, which now contains a tablet to her memory; but her personality was entirely unlike Dinah's, being that of a small, black-eyed woman, very vehement in her style of address. The description of "Dinah" preaching on the green is said, however, to apply exactly to another woman preacher very popular in the district some years before "Adam Bede" was written—one Sarah Smith, a farmer's daughter of Okeover. "As to my aunt's children or grandchildren saying" (writes George Eliot) "that Dinah is a good portrait of my aunt, that is simply the vague, easily satisfied notion imperfectly instructed people always have of portraits. How curious it seems to me that people should think Dinah's sermons, prayers, and speeches were *copied*, when they were written with hot tears as they surged up in my own mind!"

Here we have a pathetic glimpse of the "Dinah" phase in her own development which succeeded the spiritual awakening of the "Maggie," and was afterwards merged in the maturer culture and dignity of "Dorothea." Mr. Oscar Browning, describing her visit to him at Eton in 1867, remarks: "I have been told by those who knew her long that she was awkward in her early womanhood and had not acquired that repose and dignity which characterised her later years. I remember on this visit seeing some traces of the old 'Maggie,' the recollection of which is very precious to me." Her voice, says another friend, was like Dorothea's—"like the voice of a soul that has once lived in an Æolian harp," low, deep, and penetrating. Yet another autobiographical touch may be found in the characterisation of "Esther" in "Felix Holt"—in her exquisite personal daintiness and love of order in her surroundings; a persistent trait, often overlooked by those who saw in George Eliot before all else a serious and intel-

lectual, if not somewhat masculine woman, and quite different from the prim and doll-like neatness of her sister Chrissey, which she depicts in "Lucy Deane" and "Celia Brooke."

It may safely be said that the critics who object to the marriage of Dorothea and Will Ladislaw on the ground of his "lack of seriousness" are those who also fail to understand the love that bound George Eliot to George Henry Lewes, and who marvel that her strenuous soul could find a deep and satisfying companionship in so volatile a temperament as his. "A man of heart and conscience wearing a mask of flippancy" was her own description of him in their first acquaintanceship, and nothing need here be added to her final words, dedicating a manuscript many years later "to him whose perfect love has been the best source of her insight and strength." It was Lewes who discovered, in a little club in Red Lion Square, the Jewish journeyman watchmaker named Cohen—a gentle and sweet personality, deeply imbued with Spinoza—who became the "Mordecai" to whom Lewes played "Daniel Deronda." The "Meyricks" of this story have been vaguely identified with George Eliot's old Coventry friends, the family of the Brays and Hennells. Rosamond Vincy's teacher—to return for a moment to "Middlemarch"—was probably Mr. Simms, the organist of St. Michael's, Coventry. But the later character-studies, however admirable in psychology, lack the distinguishing midland flavour which we get in the talk of Bartle Massey, the village cynic—her father's old schoolmaster, or Bob Jakins, her old schoolfellow Bill Jacques, who in old age remembered carrying little Marian Evans on his back across Griff House lawn. Such types are precious to us as relics of a vanishing country, as well as masterstrokes of a catholic and intensely human art.

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN'S "GEORGE ELIOT."*

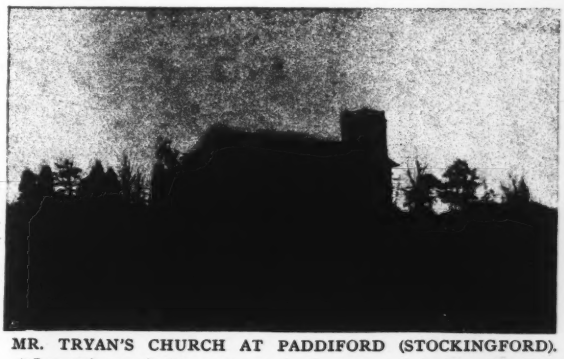
By James Douglas.

THE reaction against George Eliot has gone farther than the reaction against Dickens and Thackeray. In her case it is a reaction of the reader; in their case it is a reaction of the critic. Dickens and Thackeray have been depreciated by superior persons, but they never really lost their hold on the old audience, and they have steadily conquered the new. In this respect they resemble Sir Walter Scott, while George Eliot resembles Jane Austen. The critics have done something to restore the popularity of Jane Austen. It will be interesting to see whether they will be able to restore the popularity of George Eliot. I have my doubts. Contemporary competition is keen. Most young people would rather read bad novels by living authors than good novels by dead ones. They follow the booming of the boom rather than the still small voice of the literary assessor. They like to lay in a daily stock of material for small-talk. Who chatters about George Eliot to-day in the intervals of bridge and ping-pong? She is "serious"; we are flippant. So we manage to rub along indolently without her.

But there is happily a remnant of thoughtful readers who escape from the gnats and midges of the hour into the calm company of the dead, and it is to their attention that Sir Leslie Stephen's monograph on George Eliot may be commended. It is the first volume of Messrs. Macmillan's new "English Men of Letters series," and when it is pronounced worthy of its incomparable predecessors, the last word of praise has been uttered. It is a masterpiece of balanced sanity and penetrating insight, enlivened on almost every page by flashes of that charming humour which Sir Leslie's admirers know so well and relish so keenly. It deals sternly and strictly with the great novelist's limitations and defects, but its drastic justice sets her genius more securely on her throne. The rubbish is cleared

GEORGE ELIOT.
"She yearned with a great longing for the good and the growth of the human race, and that desire infused itself into her pages to give them purpose and inspiration."—
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co.

* "George Eliot." By Sir Leslie Stephen, K.C.B. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)



MR. TRYAN'S CHURCH AT PADDIFORD (STOCKINGFORD).

"Innovation made its appearance in the person of the Rev. Mr. Tryan, the new curate, at the chapel-of-ease on Paddiford Common. . . . Mr. Tryan was the first Evangelical clergyman who had risen above the Milby horizon." —"Janet's Repentance."

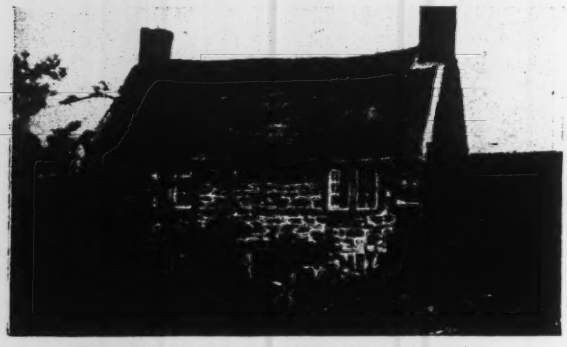
MRS. POYSER'S FARM (ELLASTON).

"It was once the residence of a country squire, whose family, probably dwindling down to mere spinsterhood, got merged in the more territorial name of Donnithorne. It was once the Hall; it is now the Hall Farm."—"Adam Bede."

away, and we are enabled to see the noble proportions of the statue. It is sometimes said that the critic is immeasurably inferior to the creator. The truth is that the great critic is also a great creator. He divines the statue latent in the block of genius, and hews it forth for all the world to behold. How many poets would have perished utterly but for this creative or recreative power of criticism which imagines afresh what the artist has already imagined, and calls on slower and more sluggish spirits to share his delight in the reincarnated ecstasy! In this sense, great critics may be called great creators. Charles Lamb, for instance, rescued, revived, and resurrected the minor Elizabethans from oblivion, and in so doing performed a feat of imaginative creation second only to the exploits of forgotten genius. Sir Leslie Stephen, in his study of George Eliot, is not the mere chronicler piecing together the fragments of a life and a literature, but the imaginative artist vitalising death with life, and recreating not only the creations of a great dramatic poet, but also the mental, moral, and spiritual energy that went to make up the wonderful spirit whom we know as George Eliot.

The critical force at work in this recreation of George Eliot is, indeed, of the first order. It is, to use one of Sir Leslie's happy phrases, a fine achievement in "transfigured psychology." In order to see George Eliot plain, more than scholarship, more than intelligence, more than intellect is necessary. One must have also the imagination of sympathy. Sir Leslie has that in the highest degree. He acutely points out that the quality which gives the permanent interest of her works appears most simply by regarding them as implicit autobiography. That, I may venture to say, confirms the theory which I put forward in these columns some time ago, the theory that biography is fiction and that fiction is biography. George Eliot's novels, so far as the living portion of them is concerned, are a projection of George Eliot, and George Eliot herself is a projection of that tragic England whose moral anguish makes the middle of the nineteenth century seem farther removed from our stagnant twentieth century indifferentism than the age of Pope or the age of Shakespeare. George Eliot, like the England of her day, was ground between the upper millstone of evangelical dogmatism and the nether millstone of philosophic materialism. Compared to her spiritual agonies, the fleshly agonies of Byron seem ludicrously petty. Her emotional nature was rooted in the old cosmogony. When the new materialistic cosmogony took hold of her reason it tore into shreds the tender filaments which bound her emotions to all she held most dear—to faith in a personal deity, to the exquisite solace of religious trust, and to the cherished comfort of kinship and friendship. She would have been infinitely happier if she could have felt less and thought more, or if she could have felt more and thought less. But her unconquerable and indomitable conscience forbade her to shirk the terrible struggle between her blood and her brain. Out of the destruction of her religious beliefs she emerged without bitterness or cynicism, renewing in the sanctuary of her own soul the diviner morality of reverence for the noblest qualities in human nature which the annihilation of dogmatic sanctions in less lofty spirits is too apt to extinguish. This spiritual reconstruction was not accomplished without that most poignant moral anguish which throbs in all her novels—that moral anguish which gives them a cast of noble melancholy and austere sadness sometimes mistaken for pessimism.

Mr. Swinburne has grieved many of his friends by his description of George Eliot (in his article on Dickens in the *Quarterly Review*) as "bisexual." The epithet is as unworthy of the great poet as it is unjust to the great novelist. More nonsense has been written about the masculinity of George Eliot than about any other literary myth. No woman ever lived who was more richly endowed with feminine traits. Both her qualities and their defects were womanly. As I have said, she was a great emotional genius, for nothing but the emotion of womanly sympathy could have enabled her to paint that wonderful gallery of wonderful women, ranging from the immortal Mrs. Poyser to Maggie Tulliver and Hetty Sorrel. She was a woman from first to last. At Rosehill she was "found frequently in tears." She longed for sympathy and support. She was quite curiously humble, and her deference to Lewes was complete. Indeed, her dependence upon her "husband" led her to spoil the end of "Adam Bede," for I believe that it was through him that Dinah was made to marry Adam. That is an artistic blunder which I am glad to lay at the door of Lewes. Sir Leslie Stephen, it is pleasant to find, does not care overmuch for Dinah Morris. "Perfect characters in fiction have a tendency to be insipid," and unfortunately Dinah is too beautiful to live, or, as Seth puts it, "She's too good and holy for any man, let alone me." Sir Leslie makes an admirable comparison between the main situation in "Adam Bede" and Scott's "Heart of Midlothian." Both novels turn upon an accusation of child-murder, and Jeanie and Effie Deans correspond roughly to Dinah Morris and Hetty Sorrel. "The interest of the 'Heart of Midlothian' culminates in the trial scene, where Jeanie Deans has to make the choice between telling the



SETH BEDE'S HOUSE, NEAR WIRKSWORTH.

"The window and door were open, and the morning air brought with it a mingled scent of southernwood, thyme, and sweetbrier from the patch of garden by the side of the cottage. Dinah did not sit down at first, but moved about, serving the others with the warm porridge and the toasted oat-cake, which she had got ready in the usual way, for she had asked Seth to tell her just what his mother gave them for breakfast."—"Adam Bede."

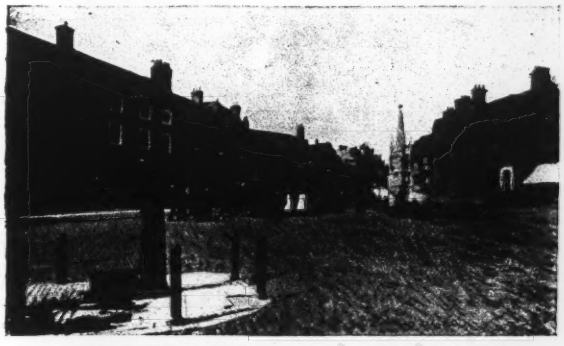
HAYSLOPE GREEN, WHERE DINAH PREACHER (ELLASTON).

"'Why, what's up in your pretty village, landlord? There seems to be quite a stir.'

"'It's a Methodis preaching, sir; it's been gev hout as a young woman's a-going to preach on the Green.'"—"Adam Bede."

fatal truth or saving her sister from perjury. Scott treats it magnificently in his own way by broad masculine touches. Jeanie Deans is exposed to a tremendous ordeal, which brings out most effectively her character, and involves a true tragical catastrophe. The scene in the prison, which, as George Eliot tells us, was to be the climax of 'Adam Bede,' is curiously wanting in impressiveness of this nature. Poor helpless little Hetty Sorrel has been convicted of murder, and expects to be hanged next day. Dinah Morris goes to her in order to persuade her to make a confession. From the point of view of the persons concerned, that was no doubt a very desirable result. But it does not in the least matter to the story, as Hetty's guilt has been already conclusively proved. Neither is it a result which requires any great ability for its achievement. Hetty is anything but a criminal who would make a point of 'dying game.' . . . To have failed to extort a confession from her would have shown a singular want of capacity in her spiritual guide." That is incontestable, and I have always thought the transportation of Hetty, followed by the marriage of Adam and Dinah, one of the worst anti-climaxes in fiction. As Mrs. Poyser would say, the end of "Adam Bede" wants to be "hatched over again and hatched different." I need hardly say that Sir Leslie Stephen does justice to Mrs. Poyser, who assuredly "may take rank with Sam Weller as one of the irresistible humorists." He has a happy knack of quoting one's favourite Poyserisms. "You're mighty fond o' Craig, but for my part I think he's welly like a cock as thinks the sun's rose o' purpose to hear him crow." Then there is Mrs. Poyser's fascinating gift of sophistry. Poor Molly breaks a jug, and Mrs. Poyser rates her for her clumsiness. When Mrs. Poyser herself repeats the feat, she retorts: "It's all very fine to look on and grin; but there's times when the crockery seems alive, an' flies out o' your hand like a bird. . . . What is to be broke *will* be broke, for I never dropped a thing i' my life for want o' holding it, else I should never ha' kept the crockery all these 'ears as I bought at my own wedding." And how splendid is the comedy of that famous chapter in which "Mrs. Poyser 'has her say out'!"

Of "The Mill on the Floss," Sir Leslie Stephen says that the first part represents the culmination of George Eliot's power. The character of Maggie Tulliver "glows with a more tender and poetic charm than any of her other heroines." Most of us will agree with him in holding that Maggie is worth a wilderness of Dinahs. Stephen Guest, of course, is "a hairdresser's block," and I think Sir Leslie is right in describing him as one of the many instances of George Eliot's incapacity for pourtraying the opposite sex. "Silas Marner," as a picture of a rural community, he thinks, is a masterpiece scarcely equalled in English literature unless by Mr. Hardy's rustics in "Far from the Madding Crowd." The famous scene at the "Rainbow" is undoubtedly the best specimen of George Eliot's humour. Sir Leslie agrees with M. Brunetière in admiring her sympathetic treatment of the commonplace and the ugly. Sympathy of the heart and the intelligence is the soul of this "naturalisme." It preserved George Eliot not only from the coarse brutalities of Zola, but from the scorn for the *bourgeois* which is the weak side of Flaubert's "Madame Bovary." Of the later novels, "Romola," "Felix Holt," and "Daniel Deronda," Sir Leslie takes the discriminating view adopted by most recent criticism. Her desire to sympathise with all high impulses leads her to shut her eyes to the comic side, and to present us with model characters verging too decidedly on priggishness. "A touch of pedagogic severity saddens her view of the frivolous world." "Theophrastus Such" suggests even a tinge of sourness. Her verse, of course, is nearly negligible, and Sir Leslie cannot believe that she achieved a permanent position in English poetry. The truth is, she had no metrical gift, and lacked "that exquisite sense for the value of words which may transmute even common thought into poetry. Even her prose, indeed, though often admirable, sometimes becomes heavy, and gives the impression that, instead of finding the right word, she is accumulating more or less complicated approximations." Sir Leslie sums up by saying that, when he compares her work with other novelists, he "cannot doubt that she had powers of mind and a richness of emotional nature rarely equalled, or that her writings—whatever their shortcomings—will have a corresponding value in the estimation of thoughtful readers." That sane and sober verdict will, I think, command general acceptance now and hereafter.



OAKBOURNE MARKET PLACE (ASHBOURNE),

Through which Adam Bede passed in his search for Hetty Sorrel.

"Adam walked much faster, and anyone coming along the Oakbourne road at sunrise that morning must have had a pleasant sight in this tall, broad-chested man, striding along with a carriage as upright and firm as any soldier's, glancing with keen, glad eyes at the dark blue hills as they began to show themselves. . . . It seemed a very short walk, the ten miles to Oakbourne, that pretty town within sight of the blue hills."—"Adam Bede."

THE "DONNITHORNE ARMS," HAYSLOPE ("BROMLEY ARMS," ELLASTON).

"The 'Donnithorne Arms' stood at the entrance of the village, and a small farmyard and stackyard which flanked it, indicating that there was a pretty take of land attached to the inn, gave the traveller a promise of good feed for himself and his horse, which might well console him for the ignorance in which the weather-beaten sign left him as to the heraldic bearings of that ancient family, the Donnithornes."—"Adam Bede."

New Books.

THE PROBLEM OF THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS.*

It is well to have the case of Bacon *versus* Shakespeare told in brief summary by Mr. Bompas, laboured with minute study by Mr. Theobald, and pleaded brilliantly, though with insufficient knowledge, by his Honour Judge Webb. Mr. Theobald's book is valuable to the student of Shakespeare, for he can dismiss the Baconian theory to that "limbo large and broad" described in the third book of "Paradise Lost," and can retain some valuable illustrations of the language of the Poet obtained by the industry of Baconians from the writings of the Philosopher. Nothing will more impress the disinterested reader of the Letters and Life of Bacon as exhibited by Spedding than what the late Professor Gardiner described as "the extraordinarily unemotional character of Bacon's mind." He has left us many examples of work in which imagination has a part; and the quality of his imagination is essentially non-Shakespearian; it is of an ingenious, intellectual kind; nowhere does it truly incorporate itself with the passions. For his verse the Baconians apologise by saying that it is not worse than the worst verse of Milton's early years.

Such considerations as these are more weighty in determining the question than ten thousand parallels, such as can be brought together from any two great writers, who traverse a wide field of human experience and write in the vocabulary and phraseology of one and the same period. There is, of course, not the smallest ground for doubting that the young man from Stratford, as Judge Webb styles him, was the author of the plays and poems; but if they were the work of some great Unknown, the last person for whom a reasonable claim could be advanced is Bacon, who has exhibited himself so constantly and so conspicuously as an impossible candidate.

And really the arguments of the Baconians answer themselves. Ben Jonson writes certain lines, in the fashion of the time, in the First Folio, on the portrait of Shakespeare:

> "The Figure, that thou here seest put,
> It was for gentle Shakespeare cut"—

meaning, according to Judge Webb, it was cut *instead of* gentle "Shakespeare," this is, instead of Bacon. The lines are a piece of Ben Jonson's profound irony, which waited nearly three hundred years to be discovered.

> "Reader, looke,
> Not on his Picture, but his Booke."

This must mean, "look not on the picture of the young man from Stratford, but on the book of Bacon." On such an interpretation comment is superfluous.

Or take those lines in one of Shakespeare's Sonnets, where he declares that the unvarying expression of his love has become a constant and well-known garb for his poetical creation, so that every word almost identifies the work as his:

> "Why write I still all one, ever the same,
> And keep Invention in a noted weed,
> Till every word doth almost tell my name,
> Showing their birth, and where they do proceed?"

"Here," writes Judge Webb, "the author certainly intimates that Shakespeare was not his real name, and that he was fearful lest his real name should be discovered." In one of his letters Matthew Arnold's criticism on some book to which he has referred, or some passage which he has quoted, contracts itself to the three words: "Did you ever—?" It is a useful and not a discourteous form of comment.

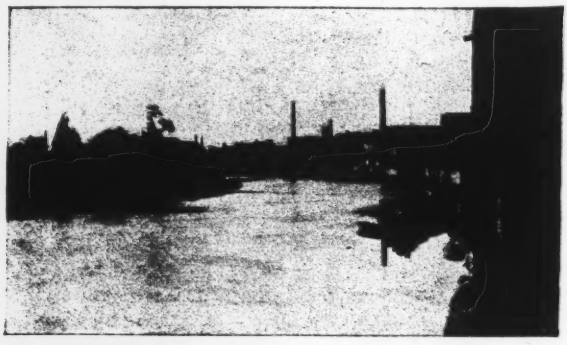
Much of Judge Webb's argument with reference to the relations of Ben Jonson with Shakespeare turns upon the identification with Shakespeare of a certain "Pantalabus" named by Captain Tucca in "The Poetaster." The name is one of many fantastically caught up and flung about by Tucca, and it is certain that Crispinus, that is, the dramatist Marston, is meant. He is on the stage when Tucca speaks; he is described as a "gentleman parcel-poet"; and in Act iv., Sc. iv., Crispinus takes to himself the words, and describes himself to Cæsar as "your gentleman parcel-poet." An epigram of Jonson's on "Poet-Ape," in which the unnamed poet is attacked as a plagiary, is, according to Judge Webb, aimed at Shakespeare. But Crispinus and Demetrius (Marston and Dekker) are arraigned in Jonson's "Poetaster," each as a plagiary, and Dekker in "Satiromastix," where he writes with indignation of Jonson's epigrams, takes expressly to himself and Marston the insult of the title "poet-apes" (Dekker, "Works," iv., p. 212).

Judge Webb, occupied with graver labours, is little to be blamed for his slender acquaintance with Elizabethan drama; but the reader cannot help perceiving that he is not adequately equipped with the knowledge necessary for some discussions on which he confidently enters. Shakespeare, he tells us, did not "touch up" the "Tu Quoque" of Greene; and certainly he did not, for no such play exists; "Greene's Tu Quoque" is the title of a comedy by Cooke. He regards the "ghost" with his word "Vindicta" in "The Poetaster" as an allusion to "Hamlet"; but the allusion is to the ghost who cries "Vindicta" in the old tragedy of "Locrine." He quotes from "The Return to Parnassus" the passage in which Shakespeare's "purge" is described as making Jonson "bewray his credit," and he adds that "Jonson bewrayed it in 'The Poetaster.'" The word is, in fact, "beray," which has a highly appropriate, but quite a different, meaning. He assumes that the word "bombast" in Greene's allusion to "Shake-scene"—"bombast out a blank-verse"—refers to Shakespeare not as an author, but as a mouthing actor. But no Elizabethan example of such a use of the word "bombast" is known to Dr. Murray. Greene means

* "The Problem of the Shakespeare Plays." By George C. Bompas. 3s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)
"Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light." By R. M. Theobald, M.A. 7s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)
"The Mystery of William Shakespeare. A Summary of Evidence." By His Honour Judge Webb. 10s. 6d. (Longmans, Green.)

A MILL ON THE FLOSS (TRENT, GAINSBOROUGH).

"The rush of the water, and the booming of the mill, bring a dreamy deafness, which seems to heighten the peacefulness of the scene. They are like a great curtain of sound, shutting one out from the world beyond. . . . Now I can turn my eyes towards the mill again, and watch the unresting wheel sending out its diamond jets of water."—"The Mill on the Floss."



THE FLOSS AT ST. OGGS (GAINSBOROUGH).

"Just by the red-roofed town the tributary Ripple flows with a lively current into the Floss. How lovely the little river is, with its dark, changing wavelets! It seems to me like a living companion while I wander along the bank and listen to its low placid voice, as to the voice of one who is deaf and loving."—"The Mill on the Floss."

"stuff out a blank verse with braggart words." So Nash writes: "To outbrave better pens with the swelling bumbast of a bragging blank verse"; so Hall, "Then strives he to bumbast his feeble lines with farre-fetcht phrase"; so Dekker, "To bumbast out a new play with the old lynings of jestes stolen from the Temple's revels."

Such criticism could be pursued indefinitely, and it should be remembered that Judge Webb's misconceptions are frequently the foundation on which rest arguments. Thus it is argued that if Shakespeare were the author of the plays he would have named them in his will as part of his property. On p. 262 there is a passing reference to the address to the reader prefixed to Heywood's "Rape of Lucrece," as if this strengthened the argument. In fact, it removes the supposed difficulty. In the case of none of his plays had Shakespeare any dealings, as far as we know, with publishers; and this was regarded by Heywood as the more honourable course for one who sold his rights to the dramatic companies: "For though some have used a double sale of their labours, first to the Stage, and after to the Presse, for my owne part, I here proclaime myself ever faithfull in the first, and never guilty of the last." The "deserving man" from Stratford, though he was not an "Esquire," as Judge Webb implies, seems to have been as honourable as he was deserving, and he acted in the manner of Heywood. The allusion, again, of Nash to a writer (as Judge Webb puts it) of whom he says "he will afford you whole Hamlets, I should say, Handfulls of tragical speeches," is certainly not to Shakespeare, for the unnamed writer was one who turned from the drama to "Italian translations." It is almost demonstrable that Kyd is meant, and Kyd's name is even played on. But the writer "who will afford you whole Hamlets" is neither Shakespeare nor Kyd; and Judge Webb, who would emend the punctuation of the passage, can hardly have read it with moderate attention; the recent translation of Seneca into English it is, which is spoken of as the source of tragical speeches.

Judge Webb's book, though deficient in knowledge, is written with great vivacity; in style it is hardly less brilliant than the writer's admirable translation of Goethe's "Faust."

EDWARD DOWDEN.

HOLLY LODGE, WIMBLEDON PARK ROAD, WANDSWORTH.
George Eliot's residence from February, 1858, to March, 1860, where "The Mill on the Floss" was written.

"Our home is very comfortable, with far more of vulgar indulgences in it than I ever expected to have again; but you must not imagine it a snug place, just peeping above the holly bushes. Imagine it rather as a tall cake, with a low garnish of holly and laurel."—Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, February 19th, 1859.

Rischgitz Collection.

THE VARIETIES OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.*

Some years ago a Cambridge don was reviewing a book by Professor James, and found fault with him because he left academic propriety to take care of itself, and wrote like a man of the world. And, indeed, his style, as becomes a countryman of Walt Whitman, is not so much elaborate, or even beautiful, as strong and unconventional; always effective and sometimes moving. For he takes in hand to interpret the life which he sees around him, the American life which looms so large in the world. "No American," he says in "The Varieties of Religious Experience," "can ever attain to understanding the loyalty of a Briton towards his King, of a German towards his Emperor; nor can a Briton or German ever understand the peace of heart of an American in having no King, no Kaiser, no spurious nonsense between him and the common God of all" (p. 325). He fascinates an English reader just because he reveals a national temperament which, with its mingled affinities and differences, piques as well as attracts. It turns out, for example, that amid the conditions of American religious life Joseph Smith and "The Book of Mormon," Christian Science and Dr. Dowie, have played parts concerning which ridicule and invective have not said the last words. Joseph Smith may have used crystal-gazing, or something like it (p. 482); Dr. Dowie and Mrs. Eddy are found to be apostles of the "religion of healthy-mindedness."

Those who are already familiar with his "Principles of Psychology" (of which

* "The Varieties of Religious Experience." A Study in Human Nature. Being the Gifford Lectures on Natural Religion delivered at Ediaburgh in 1901-1902 by William James, LL.D., etc. 12s. net. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
"Psychology." Briefer Course. By the Same Author. 7s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

the "Text-book of Psychology" is a useful compendium) will be prepared for the grip with which Professor James lays hold upon the salient characters of each experience which he surveys, and for his vivid and convincing descriptions. To read of "The Varieties of Religious Experience" is almost to live through them. He is absorbed in each case as it comes before him, believing that "a large acquaintance with particulars often makes us wiser than the possession of abstract formulas, however deep" (*Pref.*). However, he ventures in the end upon some general statements about the religious life. "There is *something wrong about us* as we naturally stand. . . . *We are saved from the wrongness* by making proper connection with the higher powers" (p. 508). And this connection takes place through the "subconscious" self; that is, in those mysterious regions of our mental life which lie beyond the feelings and thoughts of which we are clearly aware. It is through this subconscious self, we are told, that God intervenes in order to comfort and to guide. In this manner Professor James reconciles prayer and the answer to prayer with the scientific experience. For through the subconscious self "spiritual energy flows in and produces effects within the phenomenal world." Rich and suggestive though his exposition may be, Professor James fails, in my opinion, to set forth the peculiar quality of faith at its highest: the way in which faith reaches after and receives its object, and then, in the full light of reason, affirms it with triumphant passion. Even if Christian theology has gone too far in expressing religious emotion through the understanding, it is also an extreme measure to separate religion from the understanding. For we must do this if "the subconscious and non-rational hold primacy in the religious realm" (p. 74).

In saying this much, I am dealing with but one out of a thousand topics upon which Professor James touches, and pass from it in order to dwell upon the delightful and stimulating character of his book as a whole. To rise fresh from its perusal is like a plunge into the sea in these hot summer days.

Professor James "hopes to return to the same questions in another book." Many will look forward to the realisation of this hope. FRANK GRANGER.

MAGGIE TULLIVER.
From a drawing by William Hatherell, R.I.

"In the first moments Maggie felt nothing, thought of nothing, but that she had suddenly passed away from that life which she had been dreading: it was the transition of death, without its agony—and she was alone in the darkness with God.

"The whole thing had been so rapid, so dreamlike, that the threads of ordinary association were broken: she sank down on the seat clutching the oar mechanically, and for a long while had no distinct conception of her position.

. . . . . .

"With panting joy that she was there at last—joy that overcame all distress, Maggie neared the front of the house. At first she heard no sound; she saw no object moving. Her boat was on a level with the upstair windows."

(Reproduced from the Library Edition of "The Mill on the Floss," by kind permission of Messrs. Wm. Blackwood and Sons.)

PROFESSOR BURY'S HISTORY OF GREECE.*

The task of writing a history of Greece is becoming daily more complex. A generation or two ago Homer was still Homer, the first Olympiad, 776 B.C., was the practical beginning of things, and inquiry did not range much outside what immediately concerned Athens and Sparta. Now all is changed. The composition of the Iliad involves as many perplexities as that of Genesis; the third millennium B.C. is coming within the range of investigation, and the spade of the explorer is bringing to light fresh evidence of the vigour of Hellenic life along almost the whole border of the Mediterranean, while historical criticism is making havoc with many a story in which our forefathers placed a happy and ungrudging faith.

Under these circumstances old histories are becoming rapidly out of date, and are being busily replaced by a new generation of scholars, among whom Mr. Bury, the Greek Professor of Dublin University, is certainly one of the most distinguished. His present work was originally published as a school book in 1900, being so well received that it had to be reprinted within a few months, but now appears as a "Library Edition." From a publisher's point of view it will be interesting to learn whether the experiment is successful, for the school edition is about a third of the price of the new one, while it has the advantage of containing a large number of illustrations which, especially in the case of a writer who

* "A History of Greece." By Prof. J. B. Bury. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Macmillan.)

makes great use of archæological discoveries, do not merely adorn but really elucidate the text, so that the purchaser of these volumes seems to pay rather a heavy price for having a book of more dignified aspect on his shelves. On the other hand, the work seems in some respects better adapted for the library than for the schoolroom. The author is often rather a brilliant critic or essayist than strictly a narrator of facts. To anyone fairly acquainted with Greek history he opens up new points of view and indicates fresh lines of thought, but probably a boy seeking information for the first time would find him wanting in that precision and definiteness which are indispensable. It is useless, for instance, to argue, as he does, that the Lycurgus who "was said to have framed Spartan institutions" was a purely mythical being (Lycovorgos, "the wolf-repeller") without at the same time stating what the popular, though possibly false, accounts given of him actually are. Or again, in introducing Alcibiades, he states that "the numerous stories of his petulance need not all be true," but does not give a single such story, so that his remark is to an ignorant person meaningless, while a serious protest must also be raised against that somewhat too superior style of writing history which despises anecdotes. Anecdotes, even when their genuineness is doubtful, often possess the highest intrinsic value because their existence shows the impression which some person or event left on the mind of contemporaries. Nor, however "the philosopher of history" may despise them, is there anything which more vividly touches the imagination of ordinary readers.

Further, Professor Bury is not always as clear in style as he might be. Such phrases as "outsettlers" (for "colonists"), "hard bestead," "best bestead," "handfasted," "fetch a circle," and "the battle had fallen out clean contrary to what was like to have been," may, perhaps, be excused, though strangely inconsistent with such a hybrid puzzle as "basilês fainéants" (2.473). But what can be said for such a cryptic conclusion of a chapter as this?—"It has often been said that the Demosthenic Athenians were irreclaimable. They certainly could not have been reclaimed by Demosthenes; for Demosthenes, when all is said, was a typical Demosthenic Athenian." Or, again, for this reflection on the story of Diogenes in his tub and Alexander?—"The individualism which Diogenes caricatured was sister to the spirit of cosmopolitanism which Alexander's empire was to promote." Surely such phrase-making rather obscures than elucidates. Phrase-making is a great gift in a historian, but it is only so when the phrase makes a reflection or a statement at once in the simplest, fewest, and clearest words. Gibbon is a master of the art, and when Tacitus says of Augustus, "*cuncta discordiis civilibus fessa nomine principis sub imperium accepit*," he compresses into nine words enough thought to furnish out an essay, while, to quote an instance from Professor Bury, in describing the march of the Ten Thousand as "an epilogue to the invasion of Xerxes and a prologue to the conquests of Alexander," he exactly expresses in the best and clearest manner the place of that event in history. So, too, when in referring to the Homeric state with its "King, Council, and Assembly," he remarks that "out of these three elements the constitutions of Europe have grown; here are the germs of all the various forms of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy," his observation is just, lucid, and instructive; but those epithets can hardly be applied to a criticism which comes a few pages earlier to the effect that Homer's work as a poet "was thoroughly artificial—conscious art, as the greatest poetry always is."

If, however, Professor Bury has small faults, which a critic can point out, he has also great merits which no review can illustrate, but which every reader will discover for himself. He has a complete acquaintance with all that recent research has added to our knowledge of Greece, and, without any ostentation of learning, he sets before us the result of his labours in a narrative of singular interest. How great those labours must have been only a specialist can say fully—*Expertus disces quam gravis iste labor*—but a glance at the sixty pages in which the author cites his authorities will convince anyone of their magnitude. It is a stupendous task to simplify and arrange the vast mass of material with which Professor Bury has had to deal, and he has executed it in a manner which deserves the fullest recognition. For how long his work will "hold the field" it is impossible to surmise, for fresh knowledge about the subjects he discusses is continually pouring in, but it is probably the best and most vivid summary of Greek history which the general reader can at present procure. It is only to be regretted that "limitations of space" have compelled its author to exclude "literature and art, philosophy and religion" from the purview of his inquiry. Their exclusion seems almost a divorcing of soul from body, for the life of Greece seems indissolubly connected with her literary and artistic development. And yet that development was strictly the outcome of the "political" life which these pages record. It was during the years of her commercial and colonial expansion, of her struggles for civic and national freedom, that all her great thinkers, writers, and artists arose. The extinction of Hellenic liberty was also the extinction of Hellenic genius. What the characteristics of that genius were Professor Bury refuses, perhaps rightly, to discuss "inadequately in a few unconnected chapters," but those who wish to understand the conditions under which it grew and flourished will find in his history invaluable help.

T. E. PAGE.

THE REAL SIBERIA.*

In this volume Mr. Fraser has collected a series of brightly written and thoroughly instructive travel sketches, originally communicated to the columns of the *Yorkshire Post* and other daily journals. The book is true to its name. The author went to Siberia with what may be called the penal idea of that country in his mind; he learned there to think of it in its agricultural and commercial relations. The information that he collected upon these points is extremely valuable, showing as it does the commanding position already attained by German and American trade, to our comparative exclusion.

Having traversed Siberia, as he tells us, without encountering sufficient incident to satisfy the spirit of adventure within him, Mr. Fraser conceived the idea of endeavouring to make his return journey in part across Manchuria, with the aid of the (then) unopened, because unfinished, Trans-Manchurian Railway. The result of this bold and successful scheme is that we have a vivid first-hand account of the construction of that famous branch of the Trans-Siberian Railway, at the rate of three miles a day, in what was at the time practically a foreign country to the Russian.

The impressions set down in the pages of this book are remarkably accurate, and though there are incidental errors, as, *e.g.*, on p. 25, where it is stated that "all convicts and exiles for Siberia were marched over the Urals to Chelyabinsk," and several impossible transliterations, as, *e.g.*, "Sekuski" (p. 119) for "Zakuska," yet to insist on these would be hypercritical considering the character of the volume which is amply successful. The illustrations are excellent.

J. Y. SIMPSON.

THE COMPLETION OF DR. HASTINGS' DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.†

To Dr. Hastings, his colleagues, and his publishers we offer most hearty felicitations on the completion of their noble undertaking. Only those who have laboured at a similar task can measure the enormous toil and trouble which it involves, and the satisfaction and relief of bringing it to a perfect end. The Dictionary sprang into fame with its first volume, and its reputation has been growing ever since. For scholarship, temper, and judgment combined we have nothing else equal to it in English. And this immense storehouse of the best Biblical learning is arranged and expressed so as to be intelligible, not merely to high experts, but to any educated man. There is no need to repeat what we have said in former notices as to the critical courage, sobriety, and candour, and the thoroughly judicial spirit which characterises Dr. Hastings' great work throughout. A pathetic interest gathers round the dedication of the Dictionary to the memory of Sir Thomas Clark, the publisher, and of Professor A. B. Davidson, one of the assistant editors. The significant article on

* "The Real Siberia." By John Foster Fraser. (Cassell and Co.)

† "The Dictionary of the Bible." Edited by James Hastings, M.A., D.D. Vol. IV. Pleroma-Zuzim. (T. and T. Clark.)

GEORGE ELIOT ABOUT 1847.

From a hitherto unpublished pencil drawing—the outline traced round a shadow thrown by a cast, and filled in by Miss Sara Hennell.—In the possession of Warwick H. Draper, Esq.

Prophets and Prophecy which appears in this volume must have been one of the last things written by Dr. Davidson before he dropped his pen. To review such a volume in any ordinary sense is, of course, out of the question. We may content ourselves with indicating some of the chief authors and their more notable contributions.

Taking first the articles upon separate books of Scripture, Professor W. T. Davison furnishes an admirable survey of the Psalter, in which he concludes that "from ten to twenty Psalms may have come down to us from David's pen, but that the number can hardly be greater and may be still less." Professor Rothstein, of Halle, treats elaborately of the Song of Songs, and pronounces it to be a "melodrama" of the Macedonian period, with a unity of its own, though perhaps embedding older nuptial songs. Among New Testament books Principal Robertson writes a weighty article on the Epistle to the Romans. Professor Lock assigns the Pastoral Epistles with some hesitation, and I. and II. Thessalonians more confidently, to St. Paul. Professor Porter, of Gale, devotes twenty-six pages to the difficult problem of the Revelation, which he inclines to date "near the end of the reign of Domitian," 93-96 A.D., while allowing that it embraces fragments of earlier Jewish oracles. The most striking article on the Apocrypha is Professor Nestle's long and learned dissertation on Seraih. The same brilliant scholar deals exhaustively with the Septuagint, with Syriac Versions, and with the Text of the New Testament. He represents the recent tendency among the N.T. textual critics to set a higher value both on Syriac evidence and on the so-called "Western" variations than was fashionable twenty years ago. It is amusing to note that Dr. Nestle must have penned his rebuke of the British and Foreign Bible Society (page 739) for circulating the Textus Receptus just before he accepted an invitation to edit the Society's forthcoming new Greek Testament. The very important and learned article on the Vulgate comes from Mr. H. J. White, who has worked in connection with the Bishop of Salisbury on the Latin texts. Mr. George Milligan writes on English versions, and Principal Bebb, of Lampeter, surveys versions in general and the Georgian, Gothic, and Slavonic versions in particular. The

text of the Old Testament is discussed by Professor Hermann Strack, of Berlin.

Turning to what may be classed as exegesis, we find an exhaustive account of Priests and Levites, extending to thirty pages, by Graf von Baudissin, of Berlin. Professor A. R. S. Kennedy gives a luminous summary of all the facts and all the theories relating to the Tabernacle, and Professor T. Witton Davies does the same for the Temple—or, rather, the successive Temples of Scripture. In another article, packed with concentrated knowledge, Professor Kennedy treats of weights and measures. Professor Budde, of Marburg, handles Hebrew poetry with a master's grasp. Principal Robertson is severely non-committal as to the Gift of Tongues. Professor Driver deals with the Sabbath Day.

Of the numerous theological articles which fall within this volume many deal with subjects of the utmost importance. And here we venture to repeat a judgment published in THE BOOKMAN'S review of the first volume of the Dictionary. While its general critical standpoint may be characterised as that of the left-centre, this is balanced by a theological standpoint which is that of the right-centre. We can only mention some of the principal articles. Professor Adams Brown, of New York, deals at length with Salvation and Saviour, while Professor W. P. Paterson, of Aberdeen, discusses Sacrifice. Professor Sanday writes on Son of God and Professor Driver on Son of Man. Professor Skinner gives a lucid account of Righteousness in the Old Testament. Mr. Vernon Bartlet writes excellently on Regeneration and Sanctification. Professor Warfield carries Princeton traditions into his article of sixteen pages on Predestination, which makes us feel, however, that Canon Bernard should have been allowed more than six pages for Resurrection. Considering its subject, this latter, though orthodox, appears one of the least adequate contributions in the volume.

We must not omit to add that the editor, Dr. Hastings, continues his valuable series of brief but illuminating articles on Bible words.

As in the earlier volumes, Professor W. M. Ramsay condenses his traveller's lore into notes on topics like Tarsus, Pontus, Sardis, Thyatira; while Sir Charles Wilson writes

THE OLD HALL AT ST. OGGS (GAINSBOROUGH).

"It was the Normans who began to build that fine old hall, which is like the town, telling of the thoughts and hands of widely-sundered generations; but it is all so old that we look with loving pardon at its inconsistencies, and are well content that they who built the stone oriel, and they who built the Gothic façade and towers of finest small brickwork with the trefoil ornament, and the windows and battlements defined with stone, did not sacrilegiously pull down the ancient half-timbered body with its oak-roofed banqueting-hall."—"The Mill on the Floss."

THE MARKET PLACE, ST. OGGS (GAINSBOROUGH).

"Everywhere the brick houses have a mellow look, and in Mrs. Glegg's day there was no incongruous new-fashioned smartness, no plate-glass in shop windows, no fresh stucco-facing or other fallacious attempt to make fine old red St. Oggs wear the air of a town that sprang up yesterday. The shop windows were small and unpretending; for the farmers' wives and daughters who came to do their shopping on market-days were not to be withdrawn from their regular, well-known shops; and the tradesmen had no wares intended for customers who would go on their way and be seen no more."—"The Mill on the Floss."

with authority on Samaria, Tabor, and Zion; and Dr. Rendel Harris gives a graphic view of Mount Sinai. We cannot close this notice, so clotted with names, without a word of reference to one or two articles of quite peculiar merit or charm, such as Mr. Kenyon's account of Writing, and Professor Gwatkin's wonderful summary of the Roman Empire in five columns.

T. H. DARLOW.

SENECA'S TRAGEDIES.*

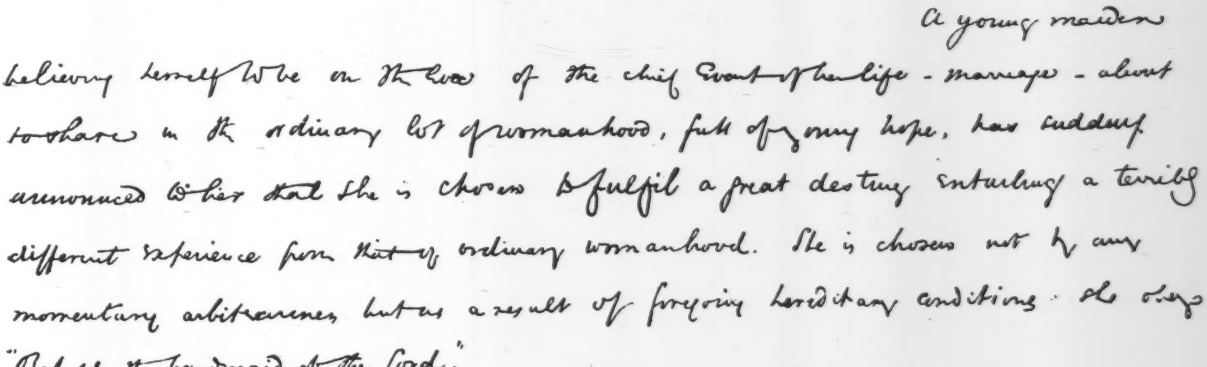
A translation of Seneca's plays could be made to fill a useful place in any curriculum of English literature. Several of Seneca's tragedies were translated by Jasper Heywood and other early Elizabethan scholars, and they are known to have exercised a powerful influence over our early writers of tragedy. The machinery of our earliest tragedies, such as "Gorbuduc" and "Jocasta," owes almost everything to Seneca, whose work represented the antique drama to a generation by whom Greek was little read. Seneca's supposed leanings towards Christianity, and the tradition of his correspondence with St. Paul, gave him a certain vogue even in the mediæval cloister. But Seneca is scarcely ever read now; his once famous tragedies are hard to come by, and the student has little opportunity of verifying the extent of his influence upon our early drama. The extent of this influence, mainly through the rhetorical and antithetical dialogue in which Senecan tragedy abounds, is confirmed by this serviceable rather than brilliant translation. The translator unfortunately seems quite innocent of the influence in question, for he says not a word about it in his preface, which is restricted to a very bald notice of the life of Seneca, less than two pages in length. An opportunity has thus been missed of dealing authoritatively with a subject of some importance. The bibliographical interest of the early translations and the authority which the name of Seneca exercised, transitorily in England and more permanently in France, has been completely ignored. Seneca's subjects, as is well known, were mainly Euripidean, and the ten tragedies here rendered include "Hercules Furens," "Thyestes," "Phœnissae," "Hippolytus," "Oedipus," "Troades," and "Medea." The Latin text and the English translation are given on opposite sides of the page; the printing, which is exceptionally unattractive, having been done by the Motley Press, at Amsterdam.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

* "The Ten Tragedies of Seneca Rendered into English Prose." With Notes by Watson Bradshaw, M.D., R.N. 7s. 6d. (Sonnenschein.)

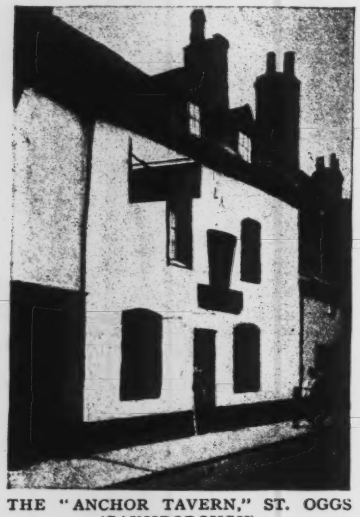
ITALY AND THE BARBARIANS.*

Anyone who like myself has had occasion to travel in his reading over the same ground as Professor Villari will be struck with his attention to documents, his scrupulous care in quoting them, and his freedom from prejudice. The masterpieces which he has given us on Savonarola and Machiavelli have long been familiar to Englishmen. And he stands in their eyes for an admirable type of culture and patriotism, loftier by far than we are accustomed to see in the new Italian generations, so wedded to fact that they are in danger of forgetting their own ideals. Professor Villari is afraid that they are losing sight of their history also; nor has he unlimited confidence in the men of documents who know neither how to condense nor how to write. By an arrangement with the firm of Hoepli in Milan he is, therefore, bringing out a series which we may term "Chronicles of Italy," somewhat on the pattern of Mr. Unwin's well-known "Story of the Nations." To this undertaking he contributes the present volume, translated into English by Signora Villari. An excellent translation it is,


A young maiden
believing herself to be on the eve of the chief event of her life - marriage - about
to share in the ordinary lot of womanhood, full of young hope, has suddenly
announced to her that she is chosen to fulfil a great destiny entailing a terribly
different experience from that of ordinary womanhood. She is chosen not by any
momentary arbitrariness but as a result of foregoing hereditary conditions. She says
"Behold the handmaid of the Lord."

A PORTION OF GEORGE ELIOT'S MANUSCRIPT.

* "The Barbarian Invasions of Italy." By Pasquale Villari. Translated by Linda Villari. With Maps and Frontispiece. In Two Volumes. 32s. (Fisher Unwin.)



THE "ANCHOR TAVERN," ST. OGGS (GAINSBOROUGH).

"Salt—that eminently 'briny chap'—having been discovered in a cloud of tobacco smoke at the 'Anchor Tavern,' Mr. Glegg commenced inquiries, which turned out satisfactorily enough to warrant the advance of the 'nest-egg,' to which Aunt Glegg contributed twenty pounds."—"The Mill on the Floss."

and a picturesque though quiet narrative, stretching over four centuries and a half, from Constantine the Great to the crowning of Charlemagne. Beyond question the author holds an even balance while discussing the relations of East and West, the rise of the Papacy to secular dominion, and the descent of the Franks upon Italy. In describing the career of men so remarkable and so unlike as Theodoric, Belisarius, Narses, Justinian, Totila, and Luitprand, he is copious, and well deserves consulting by all who have not the taste or the time to study for themselves the sources from which he has drawn. He spends much thought on the development of Lombard institutions and the lapse or desuetude of Roman Law, but is of one mind with Savigny in holding that the latter can never have entirely died away. Catholics, although in point of language they will not consider him at all times accurate, will find little to blame in his story of the Popedom, while he speaks with genuine admiration and insight of St. Leo, St. Gregory the Great, and Gregory II.

Yet, from another point of view, we may remark how difficult it is, even for Professor Villari, to rise above the Imperial or old Roman conception of the State. He fails, we would say, to recognise in these "Barbarians" men who brought with them out of their forests an idea of personal freedom, of private rights, which has proved to be the corner-stone of modern civilisation and the secret of progress. Much has been written lately on the subject of the "Latin nations," why they are feeble and how they have fallen from their high estate. One explanation, perhaps the master-key to this problem, is that they are swathed hand and foot in the meshes of a code which will not endure personal initiative, and which sacrifices the citizen to a bureaucracy. Justinian lives and reigns in the Latin world. Professor Villari perceives that wherever Goth, Lombard, or Frank appeared they were welcome to the lower and middle class; he admits that the invasion of Italy by them was a deliverance from grinding taxes and despotic officials. But he does not generalise this all-important truth. Nor does he seem to allow sufficiently for the intermingling of races which must have been a consequence of the barbarian triumphs. I would slip among the leaves of his scholarly volumes a passage here and there from Gregorovius, and correct the too-flattering picture of Roman Law with a few sentences from the American Declaration of Independence.

WILLIAM BARRY.

SAVONAROLA'S CLOISTER AT SAN MARCO.

"Seers of visions, circumstantial heralds of things to be, were far from uncommon either outside or inside the cloister; but this very fact made Savonarola stand out the more conspicuously as a grand exception. While in others the gift of prophecy was very much like a farthing candle illuminating small corners of human destiny with prophetic gossip, in Savonarola it was like a mighty beacon shining far out for the warning and guidance of men."—"Romola."

OMAR KHAYYAM ONCE MORE.*

The name of Omar Khayyám, so little known a few years ago, has become of late such a household word that we almost fear to weary our readers by bringing it again before them. But two modest works, which have lately been put into our hands, deserve notice.

The first, published by Wilford Bell, commences with Edward Fitzgerald's first version of the Rubáiyát, which is followed by a life of Omar Khayyám by the same old friend. A short life of Edward Fitzgerald himself, signed M. K., an interesting note on the Persian poet and his works, by N. H. Dole, and the address delivered by the Hon. John Hay, at that time United States Ambassador to England, to the Omar Khayyám Club, in December, 1897, with a few verses by J. West Roosevelt, E. C. Stedman, and A. S. Hardy, complete the collection, to which is added a useful vocabulary of Persian words.

Fitzgerald published four editions of his translation of the Rubáiyát, the first of which is reproduced in the little volume now before us. For the benefit of the uninitiated we may state that "Rubâi" is an Arabic word, signifying a quatrain, or verse of four lines, of which the plural is Rubáiyát. Twelve hundred or more of these verses are attributed to Omar Khayyám, scattered through different MSS., but it is doubtful whether some of them must not be put down to imitators. They would almost seem, from the variety of readings, to have been preserved, like the great Epics of Homer, in the memory of the poet's friends, and afterwards written down at hazard. They all breathe the same spirit of revolt from false religion, combined with hopelessness of attaining the truth, and with a desire, or rather a pretended desire, to make the best of the present world. The charm of Fitzgerald's translation can only be appreciated by an attentive study, but we would specially commend to the reader the eight verses which are headed Kuza Náma, the book or story of the Pots.

The history of Omar Khayyám, as told in the Testament of his old schoolfellow, Nizám ul Mulk, although the deepest searchers into history look upon it as a legend, is too interesting to be lightly set aside. The poet is said to have received his early education under "one of the greatest of the wise men of Khorassán, the Imám Mowaffak of Naishápúr," in company with two other pupils, Nizám ul Mulk and Hasan Ben Sabbáh. These three contracted an intimate friendship; and when they parted, they agreed that if one of the three should attain to fortune he should share it equally with the other two. Nizám ul Mulk became Vizyr to Alp Arslán, son of Toghrul Beg the Tartar, the founder of the Seljukian dynasty, and his two old schoolfellows claimed from him a share in his good fortune. Hasan obtained a place in the government, but being too ambitious he was disgraced and fell, ultimately gaining an unenviable notoriety in the times of the Crusades as the "Old Man of the Mountains." Omar was content with less. Receiving a yearly pension from the Treasury of Naishápúr, he used this endowment for the advance of science, and especially astronomy, in which he reached pre-eminence, and was in consequence highly distinguished by Malik Shah, the son and successor of Alp Arslán. He was one of the learned men appointed to reform the Calendar, a task which they accomplished in a masterly manner, falling little short of the accuracy of the Gregorian style. Omar Khayyám also wrote a treatise on Algebra, which has been translated into French.

It is curious to remember that his advanced knowledge in science, and his simple but forcible poetry, and brilliant ideas, were the product of an age when Europe was plunged in intellectual darkness, in the days when William the Con-

* "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." By E. Fitzgerald. (Wilford Bell.)
"Quatrains from Omar Khayyám." Done into English by F. York Powell. (Wilford Bell.)

GRIFF HOLLOW "RED DEEPS."
Where Maggie used to meet her lover, Philip Wakem.

"Maggie could sit on a grassy hollow under the shadow of a branching ash, stooping aslant from the steep above her, and listen to the hum of insects, like tiniest bells on the garment of Silence, or see the sunlight piercing the distant boughs, as if to chase and drive home the truant heavenly blue of the wild hyacinths."—"The Mill on the Floss."

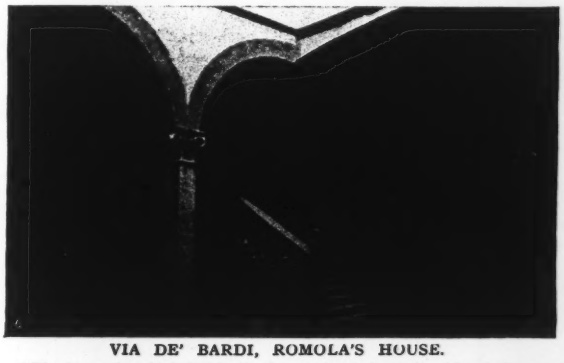
queror and his sons were reigning over England. He died in 1123, and lies buried at Naishápúr, where, according to his last wishes, the roses still scatter their leaves over his tomb, as they do over Fitzgerald's grave, where, by the care of the translator's many admirers, a rose, raised from seeds gathered in Persia, has been planted in the quiet churchyard of Boulge.

Omar was never popular in his own country; his freedom of thought shocked the stricter followers of Islám, and was still more abhorrent to the Sufís, a sect from whom has sprung much of the poetry of Persia, but whose actual faith was perhaps little more than his own. It has, therefore, been only with great labour and research that his admirers and translators have been able to compare the old MSS. dispersed over the libraries of the world.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the short and well-written life of Fitzgerald, which forms part of the collection. His name is so well known in connection with the Rubáiyát that it has probably escaped the notice of many that he also translated the Salámán and Absál of Jámi, a pious Mussulman doctor of the fifteenth century, who wrote a love story of mystic significance; of far less power and simplicity than the verses of the earlier poet. Fitzgerald also translated the Agamemnon of Æschylus, as well as the Œdipus Tyrannus and Œdipus Coloneus of Sophocles; and eight dramas of the Spanish writer Calderon, which were not favourably received, although his rendering of the Agamemnon obtained considerable success.

Mr. Dole's note is a charming and simple essay on Omar Khayyám and his translator, and Mr. Hay's scholarly language cannot fail to please the reader.

The second work to which we have to call attention is intituled "Quatrains from Omar Khayyám, done into English by Frederick York Powell." The twenty-four Rubáiyát which Mr. Powell has selected were first printed in the *Pageant* in 1897, and they appear to be exceedingly well rendered into English, preserving as far as is possible in our language the force and the originality of the Persian philosopher. They



VIA DE' BARDI, ROMOLA'S HOUSE.

"The house in which Bardo lived was situated on the side of the street nearest the hill, and was one of those large sombre masses of stone building pierced by comparatively small windows, and surmounted by what may be called a roofed terrace or loggia, of which there are many examples still to be seen in the venerable city. . . . A grim door admitted to the stone staircase and the rooms on the ground-floor."—"Romola."

A COTTAGE AT RAVELOE.

"A stone cottage that stood among the nutty hedgerows near the village of Raveloe . . . an important-looking village, nestled in a snug, well-wooded hollow, quite an hour's journey on horseback from any turnpike, where it was never reached by the vibrations of the coach-horn, or of public opinion."—"Silas Marner."

are prefaced by "A Note on Omar," which gives us an excellent study of the poet's remarkable and singular character, and the points which the writer has described in his brief sketch are closely illustrated by the Quatrains which follow.

W. BRAMPTON GURDON.

Novel Notes.

THE NEW CHRISTIANS. By Percy White. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

In Christian Science a subject lay ready and waiting for the satirist, and in "The New Christians" Mr. Percy White handles it cleverly, but not quite cleverly enough. His satire is too easy and superficial; it does not bite; he sneers languidly, but seems unable to whip himself into any earnestness, and so, instead of a brilliant social satire, we get an extremely interesting novel, smartly and epigrammatically written round people who come within the influence of a passing, fashionable craze, and get more or less bitten. The people are drawn vividly and with subtlest human insight. Eustace Fenner, the leader of the new sect, is a creation—a weak, gentle, and unconscious hypocrite, for whom, in his downfall, one feels even more pity than contempt. He and the robuster ruffian, Cranley—with his bogus sacred stones—and pretty little Mrs. Lee's selfish old father, John Selby, are so strongly and clearly characterised as to make the women of the book seem somewhat sketchy and shadowy by contrast. The satire may fall short, but the story—purely as a story—is full of interest, and has a freshness and piquancy that make wholly delightful reading.

JIM TWELVES. By W. F. Shannon. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)

The quaint sayings and general irresponsibilities of Jim Twelves make him in himself a delightfully humorous personage, but his adventures in East Africa should have been either a little nearer to reality or a little farther from it. That such a burlesque sailor would be actually tolerated in the Navy nobody believes; but this were of no consequence had Mr. Shannon cast his whole story in a frankly burlesque vein. Jim and his nonsensical naval party, however, engage in divers encounters with the enemy on their African expedition, and there is a certain amount of wounding and slaying. The touch of these realities spoils all the fun. It is as fatal a blunder to allow death to intrude into a book of this type as it would be to introduce it into any farce or pantomime on the stage. Howbeit, Mr. Shannon has a real gift of broad humour, and the book is in parts most screamingly funny.

A WELSH WITCH. By Allen Raine. 6s. (London: Hutchinson and Co.)

In Allen Raine's series of Welsh tales this will rank with the best. A secret cave, a landslip, a gipsy camp, a mine explosion, and a reminiscence of "Aylwin" at the close, are, under good management, certain of creating interest. There is an "open-air"-ness about it all which adds considerably to the charm. The heroine will win many hearts. As Allen Raine seems to have settled down to Welsh life, could we not

be spared the impossible dialect supposed to represent ordinary Welsh conversation? The Welsh of Dyved is full of pretty idioms; but to turn it over into English literally is to spoil it. Where the characters are *supposed* to converse in English, that is a different matter. But the dialect Allen Raine uses is spoken neither on the earth, nor under it. Her stories are far too prettily told to carry this blur permanently.

BIOGRAPHS OF BABYLON. By George R. Sims. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

There is no obvious reason why, with these "Biographs," Mr. Sims should not repeat the success of his "Social Kaleidoscope," except that a success never is repeated. His hand has lost nothing of its cunning, and in no respect are the stories in this later series inferior to the earlier. They are very melodramatic, but then so, in fact, is much of the life about which they are written, hence to have omitted the melodrama would have made them untrue, and therefore inartistic. From the study-table standpoints of superior young men whose horizons are limited by the walls of their libraries, the achievements of Mr. Sims are, in these days, not greatly valued; but, after all, a knowledge of life is a richer and rarer possession than a knowledge of books, and it is because this knowledge permeates whatever he writes with a living human interest that Mr. Sims is so popular with the people who do really live the life that the superior young men only write about.

THE GREAT AWAKENING. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

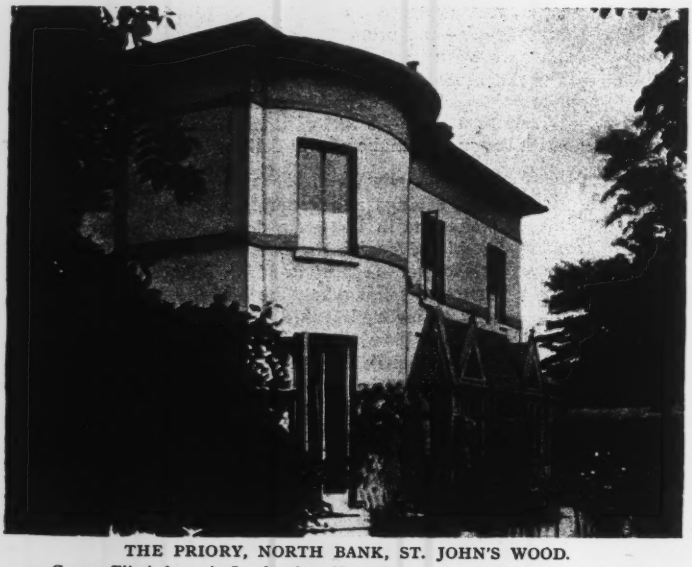
Mr. Oppenheim is one of the few sensational novelists whose novels are not always modelled on the conventional pattern and never depend for their interest wholly on sensationalism. In "The Great Awakening" his story is of the carrying out, and the results, of a daring medical experiment. Eleanor Surtoes, the orphan of bankrupt parents, being compelled to descend to lower levels in the social scale, is living as assistant in a large drapery establishment, when, despairing and yearning for any way of escape out of her uncongenial environment, she meets with Sir Powers Fiske, who gave up medical practice when he came into a fortune, and now makes a pastime of what was formerly his business. He has studied under Oriental masters, and knows of a delicate operation on the brain whereby a subject may be relieved of all personal memories of the past. In her despair, on a promise of an affluent future, Eleanor consents to undergo this operation. The operation is successful, yet Sir Powers is unsatisfied, for he has grown to love Eleanor, and finds he has, in depriving her of memory, left her without soul. The story is well written, and is touched here and there with a weirdness of suggestion that is exceedingly effective. The characters are strongly individualised, Henry Johnson, the weakly, chivalrous little Cockney shopwalker, being very cleverly and sympathetically drawn, and the end of it all is happier than had at one time seemed possible. The illustrations of Mr. F. H. Townsend are excellent.

NEAR RUFUS LYON'S CHAPEL.

"Wherever noteworthy preachers were discussed, Rufus Lyon was almost sure to be mentioned as one who did honour to the Independent body; his sermons were said to be full of study yet full of fire; and while he had more of human knowledge than many of his brethren, he showed in an eminent degree the marks of a true ministerial vocation."—"Felix Holt."

A WOMAN OF WILES. By Alick Munro. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Here, once again, we go forth in search of buried jewels of immense value, but with only half a chart instead of a whole one to guide us to the spot near Lisbon where they have been hidden, the other half having been stolen by a gang of unscrupulous adventurers, who, with a woman at the head of them, are bent on the same search. This sounds, perhaps, a little ordinary, but by his skilful treatment of it Mr. Munro gives a gloss of newness and originality to the whole theme, presents us, in Delabore, with one of the dullest-witted heroes, and in Alice Williams with one of the most daring, brilliant, and fascinating adventuresses in recent fiction, and tells a rattling and exciting story with all the vigour and picturesqueness that such a story requires. The book contains two characteristic illustrations by Mr. Gordon Browne.



THE PRIORY, NORTH BANK, ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

George Eliot's home in London from November, 1863, until shortly before her marriage with Mr. J. W. Cross, early in 1880. Here she wrote "Felix Holt," "The Spanish Gypsy," "Middlemarch," etc.

"We think our little home altogether charming and comfortable. . . . Before we began to move, I was swimming in Comte and Euripides and Latin Christianity; *now* I am sitting among puddles, and can get sight of no deep water. *Now* I have a mind made up of old carpets fitted in new places, and new carpets suffering from accidents; chairs, tables, and prices; muslin curtains and down-draughts in cold chimneys. I have made a vow never to think of my own furniture again, but only of other people's."—Letter to Mrs. Congreve, November 28th, 1863.

Rischgitz Collection.

THE ANNALS OF THE HORSE-SHOE CLUB. By Finch Mason. 6s. (Chatto.)

There is a fine, crusted, old-fashioned flavour about Mr. Mason's hunting and racing stories that, in certain moods, is distinctly grateful and comforting. There is nothing of the up-to-date hurried, ejaculatory style about them; they are genial, ambulatory, smoking-room yarns told by "The Butler," "The Doctor," "The Gamekeeper," and others, who are members or guests of a free-and-easy club that meets most nights of the week in a parlour of an old-world country hostelry. In all, the book contains sixteen of these stories, to say nothing of the introduction. They all touch more or less on sporting matters, and there is not a dull one amongst them.

THE CIRCULAR STUDY. By Anna Katharine Green. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

Although "The Circular Study" develops along orthodox sensational lines that are beginning to show distinct signs of wear, it is a well-constructed and breathlessly-interesting story of its kind. When Felix Cadwalader is discovered murdered in the strange study he had built for himself, we expect very strong suspicions of the crime to fall on four or five persons, whilst the guilty one is scarcely suspected until near the end, and it happens so in accordance with our expectations. Nevertheless, the mystery is a good mystery,

XUM

most elaborately and artfully contrived and ably conducted to its unexpected *dénouement*. The detective work is very smartly done, and those who have made the acquaintance of the acute Miss Butterworth and young Sweetwater, in another of Miss Green's stories, will be delighted to meet them here again.

The Bookman's Table.

PLATO. By Prof. D. G. Ritchie. In the Series of "The World's Epoch-Makers." 2s. 6d. (T. and T. Clark.)

The author of this volume assumes that his readers "are willing to read a good deal of Plato himself," referring them especially to Professor Jowett's edition of the dialogues. This seems to be an error in judgment, for it is unlikely that those who are acquainted with Jowett's *magnum opus* will resort to a small work like this in order to complete their knowledge. The object of a handbook is, assuredly, to *introduce* a subject to readers, to make clear to them in the simplest and plainest language its nature and importance, and to give them such a general grasp of it as an intelligent layman may reasonably desire. Of those who are neither professed students nor experts in philosophy there must be many who would be glad to get some sense of Plato's undying charm, some insight into the power which he still wields over the world of thought, and it is for men of this type that a writer in a series intended for popular use might be expected to make provision. In fact, however, Professor Ritchie's book is not so much an introductory work as a series of essays for specialists. Judged from that point of view, it appears, if the opinion of an ordinary critic is worth recording, to exhibit exceptional knowledge and to contain many acute and suggestive observations, but it will certainly "be *caviare* to the vulgar." Of the eight chapters, for example, which deal with Plato's writings, one consists of a highly technical discussion of the order in which they were composed; another deals with the extremely difficult *Timæus*, and a third with the *Parmenides*, a dialogue the character of which may be inferred from the fact that Proclus "begins his lengthy commentary" on it "with a prayer to all the heavenly hierarchy for guidance and inspiration." To the ordinary reader these three chapters must be simply unintelligible, while, if they embark on that which is headed "Plato's Theory of Knowledge"—and surely the topic might suggest simplicity—they will find themselves face to face with such terms as "Epistemology" and "Conceptualism," or such phrases as "the scholastic doctrine of the *infima species*," "monads which are spiritualised atoms," and "the sensationalist formula to which Liebniz added *nisi intellectus ipse*." It may be that these big words are needed, and an elaborate terminology has, perhaps, its value. "Certain puzzles," for instance, which Plato discusses "arise," says Professor Ritchie, "from not distinguishing a *dictum simpliciter* from a *dictum secundum quid*," and this "we see at once," presumably as being acquainted with these scholastic barbarisms. And yet, surely, one secret of Plato's power is that in his greatest dialogues he writes simply. He treats the problems he discusses as being within the grasp of ordinary minds, and capable of being stated in ordinary words and made clear by even homely illustrations. His method was not in accordance with the professorial method of his day. "Boots! what boots do you keep prating about?" was the indignant question with which the learned Georgias tried to silence Socrates (Plat. Gorg, 490 E.), who, he complained, was "always talking about cooks and cobblers, as though they were debating about them." If modern philosophers wish to bring their views home to average men, it will be by a like plain and homely method. Great thoughts may often find their expression in small words; and beyond question in the compilation of a handbook the first requisite is simplicity.

MARY ANN CROSS (GEORGE ELIOT), 1819-1880.
From Sir Frederick W. Burton's Drawing (1865) *in the National Portrait Gallery.*
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Henry Burton.)

BULLER'S CAMPAIGN. By Lieut. E. Blake Knox, R.A.M.C. 10s. 6d. (Brimley Johnson.)

The South African War has been described in stately, but picturesque, prose by Sir Conan Doyle; it has been depicted in glowing colours, with an impressionist brush, by "Linesman." Each of these styles has its merits, but it has been reserved for Lieutenant Blake Knox to unite the lucidity of the one with the intense personal interest of the other. There is an old proverb to the effect that the onlooker sees most of a fight, and this saying is especially true of warfare waged under present-day conditions. This is the answer to the gallant author's question, Why should a doctor write a book on war? The man in the firing line is too much absorbed in the events taking place in his own little corner of the field

of battle to be able to take a bird's-eye view of the general scheme of operations. The war correspondent, it is true, is a spectator, but he labours under serious disadvantage of sometimes being anything but a *persona grata* to the military authorities. The army doctor is in a unique position. His work does not really begin till the fight is well-nigh over, but at the same time he is able to get about and procure information in a way not permitted to the civilian journalist. War, as viewed from the medical standpoint, is—it must be confessed—a gruesome subject, but it is perhaps not altogether undesirable that this aspect of it should occasionally be brought before the public. Lieutenant Blake Knox's book deals principally with the engagements which led up to the relief of Ladysmith. The author has a very happy knack of clear and forcible expression, and he is to be congratulated on having written the most readable account which has yet appeared of General Buller's operations in Natal.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE SERIES. Vol. V. General. 6s. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Ltd.)

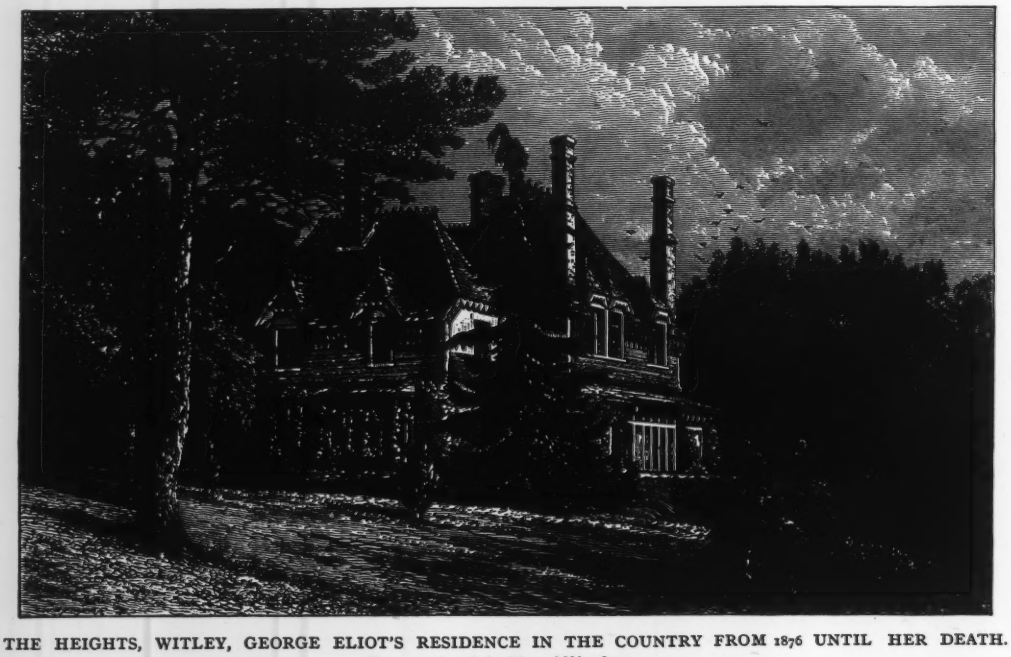
This is the last volume in this series, and deals with a variety of matters outside the scope of the earlier volumes. Among its contents we note a number of interesting articles on the political, social, and economic life of some of our smaller colonies and dependencies, such as the Channel Islands and St. Helena. Other chapters deal with such varied topics as the Navy and Army, the railways of Greater Britain, Christian Missions, and Imperial Federation. Especially interesting is a frankly protectionist view of the future of the British Empire, from the pen of that arch-enemy of Free Trade, Sir Howard Vincent. Those who are concerned in the Imperial Federation movement will find in this volume a well-stocked armoury of facts and figures, which should be of great service to them in the work of propagating their principles.

THE "TIMES" HISTORY OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA. Vol. II. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.)

It will be some time before the publication of this volume is forgotten. Tucked away in a footnote to one of the very last of its pages is an obscure paragraph from which the nation first learnt the details of Sir Redvers Buller's faint-hearted counsel to Sir George White to abandon the defence of Ladysmith. The accuracy of this information was doubted at the time, but the subsequent publication of the official heliogram has been a triumphant vindication of the sources of knowledge possessed by the *Times*. This episode is one of the most unpleasant incidents of the late war, and it is to be hoped that we have now heard the last of it. The "*Times* History of the War" can be confidently recommended to all those who are desirous of having a complete and detailed narrative of the campaign in their hands. The volume under review is prefaced by an exhaustive comparison of the British and the Boer military systems. The editor's conclusions are on the whole sound and free from bias; but he attaches rather an excessive importance to the success of the Boer methods of fighting, the applicability of which to European conditions is at present a matter of some uncertainty. The series is now carried down to the battles of Magersfontein, Stormberg, and Colenso, and this volume, treating as it does of the most dismal epoch in the war, is but sad reading, though it affords ample food for reflection.

THE EPISTLES OF ATKINS. By James Milne. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

This little book purports to be an answer to the question "How does it feel to be in battle?" a problem which has always possessed a great fascination for those of us who have not yet undergone the baptism of fire. In these pages the letters written home by the rank and file are sifted and winnowed for our benefit, and we thus get a glimpse of the emotions of the fighting man red hot from the field of battle. Atkins is outwardly the most phlegmatic of men—particularly when his origin is English—but inwardly he is moved as keenly and as deeply as the more demonstrative warrior from other lands. No two men undergo the same sensations when they first come into contact with the enemy. One tells us that he feels hot and thirsty when he first goes under fire; another takes a deep breath, and shivers as though he had jumped into cold water. This is the first stage. Familiarity with the ping of bullets brings with it other sentiments. A peculiar sensation takes possession of the soldier; he feels as though he could rush at the enemy and tear him in pieces. Finally, we get a condition of utter indifference and boredom. "I can't go to sleep unless there's a heavy rifle fire on," writes a bluejacket, "I've got that used to it!" Atkins when wounded is half philosopher and half



THE HEIGHTS, WITLEY, GEORGE ELIOT'S RESIDENCE IN THE COUNTRY FROM 1876 UNTIL HER DEATH.

From a sketch by Mrs. Allingham.

"This was a charming house—the Heights, Witley, near Godalming. It stands on a gentle hill, overlooking a lovely bit of characteristic English scenery. In the foreground green fields, prettily timbered, undulate up to the high ground of Haslemere in front, with Blackdown (where Tennyson lives) on the left hand, and Hind Head on the right—'Heights that laugh with corn in August, or lift the plough-team against the sky in September.'"—"George Eliot's Life," by J. W. Cross.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Wm. Blackwood and Sons.)

humourist. "What gets over me," a soldier who has been shot through the foot says impressively to the doctor, "is how it ain't done more damage to my boot." "What bothered me," remarks another who has been hit five times, "was the shot through my lungs, because it made me breathe short." It is a little difficult to believe in the authenticity of all these epistles. They are somewhat too vivid and too clever, but in any case "son ben trovati." This doubt may rob them of some of their value as psychological studies, but the human interest remains unchanged. All those who like Atkins and sympathise with him are certain to derive no inconsiderable pleasure and amusement from reading his "epistles."

FROM THE FLEET IN THE FIFTIES. By Mrs. Tom Kelly. 12s. net. (Hurst and Blackett.)

This is the latest work dealing with the Crimean War, and consists mainly of the letters of a naval chaplain, the Rev. Kelson Stothert, who went through the thick of the fighting. These letters are interesting, as all correspondence from the scene of action almost invariably is, but contain little that is noteworthy from the point of view of the historian. The editress seems to have done her work carefully and well on the whole, but there are several blunders in the text. The Rev. Kelson Stothert was surely never guilty of wearing the Batic medal which he had not earned. There are also some minor errors, *e.g.*, Ross-of-Brandenburg (p. 3) should be Ross-of-Bladensburg.

THE MECHANISM OF WAR. By Linesman. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

These nine rather barren and tedious articles, reprinted from the *Spectator*, are a cruel disappointment. Linesman's "Words by an Eye-witness" was something more than mere words; his "Mechanism of War" is almost less, for its verbiage sometimes borders on chaos. Perfectly efficient, perfectly uninteresting journalism, it is stamped by quite brilliant economy of thought. So admirably thin is the matter and the print so plain that a practised hand will glean the whole book in less than ten minutes, and, sorting the meagre handful, will find three or four new specimens, several valuable duplicates from the former book, and a few technical facts and judgments more or less indefinite and inconclusive. The rest are general observations on wars, *the* war, life, death, and so forth, whereof most are fairly obvious and some few disputable. For instance, when we read the praises of that perfect creature, the young English officer—how zealous, how industrious, how docile, how eager for instruction—we remember that the Commission has just reported that he is usually just the opposite. In short, the matter of the book is peculiarly barren of suggestions for comment, good or bad.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see opposite), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the

Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

4, CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

The house in which George Eliot died on the 22nd of December, 1880.

"She died, as she would herself have chosen to die, without protracted pain, and with every faculty brightly vigorous.

"Her body rests in Highgate Cemetery, in the grave next to Mr. Lewes. In sleet and snow, on a bitter day—the 29th December—very many whom she knew, very many whom she did not know—pressed to her graveside with tributes of tears and flowers.

"Her spirit joined that choir invisible 'whose music is the gladness of the world.'"—"George Eliot's Life," by J. W. Cross.

Rischgitz Collection.

The New Books of the Month.

JUNE 15TH TO JULY 15TH, 1902.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Constructive Congregational Ideals. Edited by D. Macfadyen, M.A. 6/- ..... *H. R. Allenson*

[In this series of addresses and essays may be found a serious and clear statement of Congregationalism and Congregational principles, work and aims, as existing to-day. Such names as Dr. Fairbairn, Dr. Dale, Dr. Macfadyen, and others, included among the contributors to this volume, are proofs of the sound thought within it and the varied nature of the writings.]

DANT, CHARLES H.—Distinguished Churchmen and Phases of Church Work. Portraits. 7/6 net ..... *Treherne*

[A quite unique interest is attached to this volume. In it is gathered in unpretentious fashion biography and modern church history. Such well-known Churchmen as the Bishops of Llandaff and Uganda, Archdeacons Sinclair and Taylor, Dr. Maclure, Prebendary Webb-Peploe, Rev. Wilson Carlile, and many others, are in separate chapters written of in conjunction with the particular side of church work in which they are engaged. The result gives a broad and many-sided view of church organisation and influence.]

GAIRDNER, JAMES, C.B., etc.—The English Church in the Sixteenth Century. History of English Church Series. 7/6...*Macmillan*

SMYTH, REV. J. PATERSON, B.D., LL.D.—Bible for the Young. Joshua and the Judges, 1/6 net ..... *Sampson Low*

WALPOLE, G. H. S., D.D.—Vital Religion, 2/6 ..... *Elliot Stock*

[A new volume in the series which deals with current ecclesiastical problems, "The Church's Outlook" series. Mr. Walpole writes in careful detail and friendly, catholic spirit, of the *knowledge* of Christ, the importance of it, the cost, the various ways and means of obtaining and realising it, the hindrances and assurances of it, and the true value of personal experience of religion.]

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

AUGUST, 1902.

NEW EDITIONS.

Daniel, The Book of, and the Minor Prophets. Edited by R. Sinker, D.D. Temple Bible. 1/- net ..... *Dent*
St. Luke's Gospel. Edited by M. R. Vincent, D.D. Temple Bible. 1/- net ..... *Dent*

FICTION.

ANDREAE, PERCY.—A Life at Stake, 6/- ..... *Ward, Lock*
BAKER, H. BARTON.—Robert Miner, Anarchist, 3/6 ... *Ward, Lock*
[An anarchist in the making may be seen here, with lurid sketches of the tools used. There are thrills and excitements in the tale.]
BAXENDALE, A. S.—The Ball, 2/6 ..... *Heinemann*
BLAKE, BERNARD C.—At the Change of the Moon, 2/6 ... *Greening*
[A collection of weird, striking stories, dealing with mental delusions, dramatic incidents, and life inside a lunatic asylum.]
BLEACKLEY, HORACE.—More Tales of the Stumps. Illustrated. 3/6 ..... *Ward, Lock*
[Light and harmless cricketing tales, in which love and sport are intermingled; in which slang is usual. "W. G." is "rivalled," heroines are called "Dolly," "Lottie," "Maggie," "Flossie," and some summer afternoon pastime may be found.]
CAMPBELL PRAED, MRS.—Dwellers by the River, 6/- ... *John Long*
DALE, WYNOTH.—The Common Chord, 6/- ..... *Treherne*
[Telepathy comes into this story, is spoken of seriously, and does some serious work. The book, which is restful and interesting, reads as a piece of real, day-after-day, rather uneventful life, set down without much exercise of the novelist's privilege of selection. The talk is undistinguished, but perfectly natural. "'What a lovely morning!' said Lady Vere. She would not have said it, but her companion looked as if he did not see that it was a lovely morning. . . . 'It'll be awfully hot,' said Paul, in a hurry, and then wished he had not said it." But we are told that Lady Vere's way of talking was seductive. So, to some extent, is the book. Care, and thought, and observation have gone to the telling of the quiet story.]
FARMER, JAMES EUGENE.—Brinton Eliot. From Yale to Yorktown. 6/- ..... *Macmillan*
[A racy story of American life at college and in city in the eighteenth century; as interesting for its intimate scenes of old times as it is entertaining as fiction.]
GERARD, DOROTHEA.—Holy Matrimony, 6/- ..... *Methuen*
GREEN, ANNA KATHARINE.—The Circular Study, 3/6...*Ward, Lock*
HAMILTON, COSMO.—Indiscretions, 6/- ..... *Treherne*
[Dialogues by duchesses, marquises, celebrities, "quite foreign royalties," and many other interesting persons and personages who neither complete their own remarks nor allow anyone else to do so. A holiday book which will be sure to please someone in every party.]
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